

MISCELLANIES

I N

Prose & Verse,

By the Most Honourable

The Marquis of *Normanby*,
The late Lord *Rocheſter*,

Mr. *Waller*,
The E. of D---
Mr. M---
Mr. *W---ley*,



Dr. *King*,
Mrs. *Wharton*,
Mr. *Oldmixon*,
and others.

W I T H

Satyrſ, Fables & Tranſlations, from *Anacreon*.

W I T H

Original Maxims and Reflections.

To which is added,

Precepts, Maxims and Reflections,

Extracted from the moſt Celebrated

Greek and Latin POETS.

L O N D O N

Printed: And Sold by *Nich. Cox* at the *Golden Bible* without *Temple-Bar*, 1702:



T H E

Epistle Dedicatory

To His G R A C E the

Duke of *Schomberg*, &c.

May it please Your Grace,

THE Poets, by a long Prescription, claim a Right to the Protection of the Sword, and the greatest Generals (as I shall prove) have ever been eminent Patrons of so generous an Art, that is employ'd in the promoting Virtue and Sense, and the discouraging Vice and Folly; and the Soldier shou'd love

that

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that, which commends his Acts and Glory to Posterity.

This Consideration, My Lord, has given me Assurance to make this public Address to your Grace, and to shelter this Book under your Patronage, secure there, from the Censure of a capricious Town, and the false Modesty of those, who decline the Protection of the Muses, as a Vanity they ought not to be guilty of; for doubtful Virtues weaken the Desire of Praise, as well as the Praise it self. Great Souls only, my Lord, and such as are design'd for great Actions, are capable of a Desire of Praise, while little Souls bend beneath the narrow and prone Lust of Gain, while *Praise* is the Object of all generous Minds, the Source, and Origin of all that is *Brave* and *Good*; nay, God himself is delighted with Praise, and

Carmen

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Carmen amat quisque Carmine digna gerit.

No Man that will do a Praise-worthy Action, but must be pleas'd with the Praise, that is due to it. Nor does any thing but the false Humility of a degenerate Age, barren of a public Spirit, advance Principles so destructive of all public Virtues. The Ancients with an honest Confidence, made no scruple to boast sometimes their own Deeds; the Moderns with an affected Modesty sprung from Avarice, and a Consciousness of wanted Worth, as if Vertue were infamous, would seem asham'd to hear theirs mention'd by another (for I hope there are but few Men that have not some good Qualities that will bear the Light) and prefer the lazy Maxims of *Sloth*, to those, which have produc'd all the beneficial and active Virtues of Mankind :

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Infamously pleas'd to be unknown.

forgetting that of *Horace*.

*Paulum sepultæ distat INERTIÆ
Celata virius.*

Unknown Virtue is but little better than Sloath.

But, my Lord, your Grace's Public Merits are too visible, and too active to give me any fear on that side: For you are none of those that are meanly swell'd with a poor Pride of Birth and Title, but choose to challenge our Veneration rather as due to your self, than to your Illustrious Ancestors, whose Glory has been so lately reviv'd, and is yet so fresh in our Memories, and will be till the fatal *Bain* is forgot, and our Lives, Liberties, and Religion cease to be dear to us. There is a Humanity, and Affability, that I have observ'd (tho' at some Distance) in your Grace, worthy a
true

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true noble-man, and a Justness in your Conduct that establishes the Honour of your Titles; for Men derive Dignities from a Crown, but Respect from themselves.

As therefore we find in your Grace, the Actions of the old World, we have Reason to hope that the same Effect has the same Cause, and then the Poets may with Confidence fly to your Grace's Protection; for the Poet it is that gives Examples of Virtue to the World, Example produces Emulation, and Emulation Action; and I shall venture to say, that there never was a Heroe, that is a Man of true Merit, in Principle and Action, who was not a Favourer of Poetry; and as a Proof of this Assertion, bold perhaps in the Eye of some People, I shall run over a short Catalogue of some few of those, that have been peculiarly eminent Encouragers, and Defenders of this Art.

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To pass at once over All the Heroes and great Men that compos'd the State of *Athens*: The Laws made in that buisfy City for their Reward, Respect, and Preservation; the *Lacedemonians* (a four People) animated to Battle by the Poet *Tyrtaeus*; I shall begin with the Great Chief of an Army of Generals, *Alexander* the Great, so fond of Poetry, that he bore the Works of *Homer* with him always in a Diamond Cabinet taken in the Spoils of *Darius*. Look we to *Rome*, the Mistress of all the Warlike Virtues, and most refin'd Politics, and we find all her greatest Captains Lovers and Protectors of Poetry: The *Scipio's*, the Famous Destroyers of *Carthage*, were Favourers of *Ennius* and *Terence*; the later, tho' a *Carthaginian* Slave, was so intimate with *Scipio* and *Laelius*, that they were thought, if not the Authors, at least the Refiners of his Plays.

D. Junius

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D. *Junius Brutus* one of the greatest Generals of his Age, was proud of his Friendship with *Accius* the Poet. *Marius* the fortunate General, that subdu'd *Gaul* and *Numidia*, tho' rough, and unpolite from his Birth and Education, and as *Cicero* observes, unapt to Poetry, was pleas'd with and favour'd *Archias* the Poet. His successful Antagonist *Lucius Cornelius Sylla*, and a General of the first Rank, was a great Encourager of this Art, and a Poet himself, and so far transported with it, that ev'n while he besieg'd *Athen's*, he wrote Verses. I need not mention *Julius* and *Augustus Caesar*, they are such known Patrons of the Muses; or *Messala*, a Roman General, celebrated by *Tibullus*; *Gallus* a Poet, and Governor of *Egypt*; restor'd in some measure the Fortunes of *Propertius*, broken and almost sunk by his following the Party of *Anthony*; and *Claudian*, in the Decay of the Roman
Vir-

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Virtue and Empire, found Patrons
in *Stilico* and *Honorius*.

To pass all other Nations, our
Ancestors, the ancient *Germans*,
barbarous as they were thought,
drew their Courage from their Po-
ets Songs of the Valour and brave
Deeds of our Forefathers. Nor
was there ever (as *Cicero* observes)
any Nation so barbarous as to vio-
late a Poet.

Alfred King of *England*, so emi-
nent a Warrior, that he fought in
Person Eighty Battles, was a Poet
himself, and an Encourager of Arts.
King Richard Cœur de lion, whose War-
like Inclinations carried him to
Palestine, was a Poet himself, and
had an Intimacy with *Blondel*, with
whom he join'd in his Songs, and
was by his means deliver'd from his
Captivity. Sir *Philip Sidney*, even
in our Modern Times, that dy'd in
the Field with his Sword in his
Hand, a Poet himself, not con-
tent

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tent with his Bounties to the Artists,
writ an excellent Defence of the *Art*.

Thus, my Lord, I have prov'd
that in' *all Ages* of Glory the Poet
has been the peculiar Care of the
Soldier : And I have no Reason to
doubt but that your Grace, that
sees so noble a Roll of brave Lea-
ders before you, who have all along
thought Poetry worthy their Pro-
tection, will be like them in that
as well as their Valour and Con-
duct.

'Tis true, my Lord, the Pro-
tection of the Muses is an Excel-
lence few of us comprehend ;
it requires a Penetration above
our common Smatterers in Wis-
dom and Politics ; it requires a
Judgment nice as that of the Foun-
ders of two of the greatest Mo-
narchies of *Europe*, yet is, no doubt,
obvious to your Grace, as it was to
Mæcenas and *Richelieu* : But 'tis Pa-
radox to those, whose fullness of
Folly

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Folly is confin'd to the present only, nay to themselves: But the Contemners of Poetry wou'd be thought wiser and better than *Socrates*, who join'd with *Euripides* in some of his Plays; better Statesmen than *Mæcenæ*s or *Richelieu*; of more Honor, than *Scipio*, or *Cato* the Cenſor; of greater Dignity and Valour than the Generals, Kings, and Emperors I have mention'd, and yet in Reality have nothing to diſtinguiſh them, generally ſpeaking, but the Eminence of their Follies and Vices.

But an Apology for apparent Merit is what is as ſuperfluous to your Grace, as one for my ſelf wou'd be neceſſary. But, my Lord, my Zeal for the Cauſe is a ſort of Deſert, and gives me a Pretence to your Grace's Patronage, eſpecially when I preſent your Grace with a Sample of the Works of Men ſo eminent in their Art, as thoſe that
com.

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on- compose this small Volume; which,
the join'd with your Grace's known
be Humanity and Goodness, makes me
So- presume with some Confidence to
in throw my self at your Grace's
ref- Feet, in Subscribing my self,

My Lord,

Your GRACE's most Humble,

and most Obedient and

Devoted Servant.

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T H E
P R E F A C E.

TH O in a Preface to a Book of this Nature, some Critical Remarks may be expected on the Excellence or Defect of the *Smaller Poetry*; yet the Subject having been extremely well touch'd by the Marquis of *Normanby*, I have little Occasion to add any thing farther upon it. He has in a Time, when the Town made the falsest Judgment in the World on Tragedy it self, ventur'd to stem the Tide of publick Error, and in his Essay on Poetry made them know how little those *Goliaths* of the Stage had of true Merit in them: In the same Piece he has also laid down very just Rules for the forming of *Lyric*, and *Elegiac* Poetry; to which I know nothing, that can be added, but a short Consideration of the very Nature of Poetry it self, which is *IMITATION*. Poetry is a sort of *Painting*, as has always been allow'd, and therefore, that Piece of Poetry that is without *Imagery*, more or less, is without the *Soul* of Poetry, and by Consequence without that, which no Beauty of Language, or Numbers can atone for.

This is what few of our *Coppy-of-Verse-writers* think of, or know, and this makes the best of
their

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their things, that shine only for a while, decay so soon, and in a little time wholly vanish from the Esteem of the World, which may be deceiv'd by a Glare, and be impos'd on by want of Consideration; but those being past, their Darlings, like great Favourites, without Merit, fall unpity'd, and unregarded.

This ought to be the Test of the following Poems, as well as of all others; and to this Test I leave them, adding only a Word or two about the Fable, in Compliance with the Author's Desire.

The casting off Rhime may by some be thought a Boldness, by others a Defect; the Author hopes the Boldness something necessary in order to reform our vitiated Taste of Poetry, which often palates wretched Stuff dress'd up in Rhime, that it wou'd nauseate if depriv'd of the jingle; which once laid aside, the true Beauties of Poetry wou'd be more our Study, and applause not so partial. To those who think it a Defect, I shall only quote what is said before *Milton's Paradise lost*, speaking of the Verse of that Poem. *The Measure is English Heroick Verse without Rhime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin, Rhime being no necessary Adjunct, or true Ornament of a Poem, or good Verse, (in longer Works especially) but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched Matter, and lame Metre; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carry'd away by Custom, but*
much

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much to their Vexation, Hinderance, and Constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse, than else they wou'd have express'd them, &c.

The rest (that I may not burden the Reader with too long a Quotation) you may find in *Milton*. My Lord *Roscommon*, an excellent Poet, and Critic, tho' nice in his Rimes, was an Enemy to the worthless Chime; and what is observ'd by *Milton* is evident ev'n in Mr. *Dryden*, the greatest Master both of Rime and Language of our Moderns, who has frequently justifi'd *Milton's* last Remark in using for the Rhime Sake words that he wou'd by no means have made Choice of, had he wrote without it.

That which composes the rest of this small Volume consists of *Maxims* and *Reflections* on Mankind, which, with the *Precepts* of Virtue, that are deliver'd in short and apt Sentences, have always met a kind Reception: For in them you behold the World in *Minature*; and in *Little Survey* the Manners, Virtues and Defects of Mankind, which the Schools and Philosophers are so voluminous upon, and which they often confound by false representing Man, and framing the Notions much different from the Things, and setting up a Regularity much less Reasonable, than what the Wisdom of Heaven has already establish'd.

But the value of these, like other Pictures, depend on the Skill of the Artists. Reflections,

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Some are the Children of Fancy, some of Judgment; these are built on Truth, and are useful and important, those are gay Amusements, and please the Wit of them, who are not always pleas'd with *Solidity*.

In the Original *Maxims*, I must confess, there are some of both; but I hope Fancy has the least share in them, which I presume will pass as well as some others, where she has had a greater Predominance.

Those that I have given you from *Theognis*, *Phocylides*, and the rest, are in my Opinion, excellent in their kind; tho in some it must be own'd Fancy has mingl'd with Judgment; but when it is remembred that they were made by Poets, the mixture will seem the more excusable.

In them are two things very remarkable; the first makes extreamly against the Declaimers on the Viciousness of the present Age, in shewing, that above three thousand Years has not made any considerable Alteration in our *Vices*, or our *Follies*, and that it is a vulgar Error, that Generations successively degenerate, which is a Notion, however general, as false as absurd, and which if true, must before now have sunk the World in Confusion and Destruction.

But 'tis certain whoever reads the *Prophets*, the *Poets*, and the *Historians* of former Ages, ev'n as far as *Job* (to go no farther) must be convinc'd that *AVARICE*, *LUST*, and

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a *TRE A-*

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TREACHERY, with their various Dependants, and Branches, have been always de-claim'd against, as much as now. 'Tis true that, amid this general Complaint, **VIRTUE** and **VICE** have had their particular Ebbs and Flows, at least *Hypocrisie* in some Ages has cover'd *Villanies* under the Vizor of Religion and Sanctity, which in others open Luxury has made more obvious and visible.

The other thing, that appears remarkable in these great Men, is, That they have by the Force of Reason (that led them to Piety and Religion) left us many of those divine Principles, convey'd to us, and made, if possible, more Authentic since, by the Mouth of the *blessed Saviour of the World*. That Piety to God, and our Parents, and that Justice to our selves, and our Neighbour; and yet we may see the Prejudice of Custom prevail'd over them, and Revenge was too receiv'd a Notion for them to quit, tho' it were so reasonable, as it has since appear'd to be by the divine *Dispensation* of the **TRUTH** of the *Gospel*; and it is more to be wonder'd at, because we that have the Advantage of this *Dispensation* do not in any one part of Morality excell them, but still verify what was advanc'd before, that the Vices of Men were always near the same, and their *Virtues*, not much unlike those, we find at present among us, that is, very *Rare*, and generally *Sophisticate*.

But

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But I wou'd not pretend to rob those Gentle men, that are fond of it, of a Topic of Declamation; and I wou'd almost surrender the *Degeneracy of Mankind* to them, if they desir'd it, for that end, they ought, or see at least to desire it for; that is to warn, and draw Men from their wickedness. But when, on a just Consideration I find they take a wrong Course to obtain that End, I must go farther and tell them, that perhaps from some of them the Decay of public Virtue is wholly deriv'd.

'Tis a mistake to think that *public* and *private Virtue* is the same; for Experience has often show'd us, that a Prince, and a People too that have been vicious enough, in regard of private Virtues, have yet shown a *Zealous Love* for their *Country*, which is the Queen of all *politic Virtues*. We must therefore look for other Causes of the want of these public Virtues, which is the Decay and Ruin of Nations, and only proves the degeneracy of the Times we live in; which gives rise to all our Divisions; and those are sure Forerunners of Ruin, and the certain promise of Destruction.

I shall venture to say that the lazy Pride of the old Philosophers was the Origin of this Evil, and the World does not owe more Virtue to the Poets of *Athens*, than Vices to her Philosophers. I mean those *Factionous Schools*, that divided the old World in whimsical Disputes, and taught Mankind to forget *Ambition* the

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Mother and Nurse of all great Actions and public Virtues. All the *Catilines*, and *Ravilac's* are meer Triflers in Mischief to these. They with a narrow Mischief aim'd only at the Destruction of Particulars, but the *Philosophers* at the Degeneracy and Ruin of all Mankind.

I dare assert, that there is scarce a Problem in *Euclid* more evident, than that all the Actions worthy Praise, and Imitation among the *Romans* and *Greeks*, or indeed among all Nations, in which we can discover any Footsteps of Bravery, or that ever made any Figure in the World, sprung from *Ambition*, a Desire of Fame, and an Heroic Love of Praise.

All the Benefits, that Humane Society has receiv'd, all the Examples that may be urg'd to stir up a generous Emulation to noble Exploits, to the Love, and Service of our Country, to whom do we owe them, but to such who were fir'd with *Ambition*? To those who courted Fame, and public Applause? On the other Hand, to whom have all Nations ow'd the most fatal Mischiefs, they ever felt; Treasons, Murders, Briberys, but to Men void of this Godlike Passion, to Men guided wholly by a sordid Interest, a Mechanic Love of *GAIN*, to which they have sacrific'd all the Duties they ow'd the Public; and the Good of Humane Society, who had no Care to derive either true Pleasure, Honor or Praise from any of their Actions? From whom proceed all the Oppressions, Usuries, and Extortions, under which so many thousands daily

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daily sink, but from Men, who have no higher or nobler Aim, than the amassing together Heaps of Wealth, which they have not the Soul to use, when at the Expence of so much Guilt, obtain'd? And these Men appear no less Fools, than Knaves; for what Folly can be greater, than to spend one Life in a perpetual Fatigue, in a continu'd Course of slavish Fears, and Toils, of secret Villanies, to obtain nothing by it of Use or Pleasure to Life. For when all the Needs, and Pleasures of Life, Fame, Honour, Reputation, the Love and Praise of this Countrey, may be purchas'd at ten times less Expence of Trouble and Pain, than Infamy, and the Imputation of being a poor wretched Knave, 'tis the heighth of Folly to pursue the last, and neglect the first,

Who are those who divide their Country into Factions, to make its Ruin more easy, nay, unavoidable, but such as have no Notion of the Pleasure of *Fame*, and Love of their Country? But such who abuse it, to serve a private End? And embroil the Public, to gratify a private Passion? Speak to these Men of *Fame*, of a true Ambition, of the Force of public Praise, and they laugh at you.

'Tis with Regret, that I attribute the Decay of Public Virtue, to the Doctrine of the *Contempt of Glory*, which some Divines derive from the Whimsical Hypocrisie of the Stoics, and Melancholy Dreams of the primitive Monks, not from the Gospel. And the Reason that this

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Doctrine finds so many Patrons is, that it indulges *Self-Interest*, and little Designs, brings into Disgrace that public Spirit, that is nourish'd by a Desire of public Praise, by doing publick Actions to deserve it, and which directly opposes *private Gain*, and all the ignoble Aims of Avarice.

Rome had never made such a Figure in the World, had it suffer'd such Principles to spread among her Children: And it was late e'er the pernicious Dreams of the *Greek Gymnasia* impos'd on their Understanding, and corrupted their Morals. Nor were those Emperors so much to blame, that banish'd the canting Tribe of Philosophers, since it was not the Gold of *Asia*, but the Doctrines of *Greece* that weaken'd, and destroy'd the old Roman Virtue, celebrated by *Ennius*, and not to be shook by any thing but the vain Philosophy of *Greece*. The Roman Virtue cou'd not be corrupted by Gold, till their Original Principles of *Glory* were poison'd, were blotted out by the narrow Notions of those false Contemners of the World, who at the same time that they shelter'd their Cowardice, and unaptness to great Actions, under a contempt of a *Glory*, that was to be won by Deeds that the *Slothful*, the *Fearful*, and the *Base* cou'd not obtain, discover'd their false *Ambition* of a Name, by setting (as *Cicero* observes) their own Names to their Writings.

Twas

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'Twas after these Doctrines prevail'd, that the Roman Nobility, who deriv'd their Value and their Families, from their Ancestors *Love of Glory*, fell to the mean Aim of Usurers, and thought of nothing less, than of the public Good, and the Honour of their Country, when ever it interfered with their own private Advantage. Briberies, Extortions, and Oppressions, were as agreeable to this Doctrine, as its Mercenary Teachers, notorious for Avarice, as *Lucian* very well shews in his Dialogues. Let any Man but take a view of *Rome* when the Doctrines of Glory were in Force, and of *Rome* as *Ammianus Marcellinus* draws her, corrupted and now almost destroy'd by the pernicious Doctrines of the contempt of Glory, and see which gives the fairest, and most reasonable Prospect.

It was in the Schools of the Mercenary Greeks that the Roman Youth were perswaded, that Fame was nothing but an *Empty Name*, the *Child of Pride*, the *Mother of wicked Actions*, the *Source of War and Desolation*. 'Twas in these Schools, they heard these Questions ask'd, *What is a Great Name to a Man that is Dead? And where is the Pleasure of Heroic Deeds when the Hero is no more?* This made them hear from *Seneca*, (a Man by his Principles and Life qualify'd for such Reflections) what a melancholy Thought it was to a great Man after all his Toil, and Hazard, *that he had only labour'd for a magnificent*

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nificent Inscription on his Tomb. The Reflection is Hypochondriac, and false ; for a Man that has done glorious Actions, has the Comfort to reflect, when his Pains are over, that the Memory of them is lasting, that he has serv'd his Country, that in that he has been a generous Benefactor to Millions, and that if he falls in the Service, he is sure to survive in the Hearts of all the *Wise*, the *Good* and the *Brave*.

But granting that the *Heroe*, when he is dead has no share in the Pleasure, in the Honours done to his Memory by Posterity (which cannot be prov'd) yet he in his Life possesses the extended Joys of Posterity, and the succeeding Honours, that will always be paid him after his Death, and his Life is so, as it were, a kind of Eternity, drawing all the future Glory and Time into one present *Now*. So far stretch'd beyond the Vulgar is the shortest Life of a Man of true Ambition, a Man above the Mean Spirit of the Vulgar, that dares prefer his Countries Good and Service to all private Ends ; and the longest Age of an other Man contains not the Joy, Satisfaction, and Pleasure of one Hour of a Heroes, every Minute of which holds in full view the Glory of Ages to come.

Some of the Moderns have given a new Edition of the ancient Heresie of the Stoics, or rather disguis'd it under the Specious Ornaments of Religion. They will allow no Object worthy a Christian's Soul, but the invisible Expectations

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tions of the World to come, as if the Glorious, and Public Aims of *this*, were injurious to that; or that a Man cou'd not be a good Christian, and a good Patriot; that the doing Good to humane Society, shou'd not be pleasing to the God, and Author of that Society, who has plac'd Fame in a Post so eminent, that is not to be gain'd but by Public Vertue. A Hypocrite may put on the World in many specious Duties, to the Ruin of the Public, but never can be a Candidate for Fame, without doing a Public Service, a general Good ev'n by the very Hypocrisy; whereas the Pretence to some Contemplative Virtues is generally productive of Detriment to all it can reach. The Vizard of Zeal gets the Religious Hypocrite Trusts of Estates, Children, &c. whence they easily ruin Families and enrich themselves.

These Monkish Notions are prejudicial to the Public in the highest Degree, it robs the State of many Members, who were they not diverted by such Powerful Perswasions, as those of Eternity (for these Patrons of Sloath annex that to this religious *Idleness*) might do their Country Service, and be beneficial to Mankind. This foolish *Contempt of the World* is a sort of Murderer; for whoever is infected with it, is dead to this World, inactive, regardless of the Duties of this Life, and wholly intense on those of the next, supposing them incompatible. Humane Society subsists by *Activity*, and a Wise
and

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and Provident State, like that of the Bees, will not suffer a Drone, especially such a Number of useless Consumers of the Public, as all those enthusiastic Religious Orders in the Church of *Rome*; whose End and Aim is to corrupt Mankind with this sloathful Principle; and who are only industrious in spreading this Lethargy, to their own Gain, thro' the whole State, till it oppress the Body Politic, as is evident from *Spain*, which owes not its Weakness more to those great Draughts of People sent to the *West-Indies*, and the Expulsion of the *Moors*, than to the exorbitant Number of Religious Houses; and had long before this time been a Prey to *France*, but for that Interest other Nations took in its Defence.

It was one of the first and chief Points of the old Roman and Greek Religion to dye for their Country, to attempt noble, daring and glorious Actions, to make the publick Good their Chief Aim. This made *Decius* leap into the *Casus*, and *Codrus* rush into the Enemies Battle to die among them, that his Country might be victorious over her Foes. This made *Camil-
lus* neglect his Resentment, when his Country's Distress call'd his Assistance; and this made *Cato* despise Life, when his Countries Freedom was no more.

It were to be wish'd, that on the Reformation, with the other Errors of the Church of *Rome*, we had shook off all Remains of her
Contem-

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templative Follies, all Superstitious Notions of Devotion, disagreeable to those Duties that God has impos'd on every Man, as he's a Member of Humane Society. So great and so noble an Attempt, as the freeing Mankind from the Gross, and Slavish Impositions of the Roman Clergy, shou'd not methinks have stop'd in the *Middle*, it shou'd have proceeded to a *true Thorough-Reformation*, and taught the Love of Glory, that is, of Great and Glorious Actions, as the surest way to Heaven, being the most beneficial to that humane Society formed by the God of Heav'n; whereas the depressing the Merit, and Value of good Works, has almost lost us Morality and political Virtues. 'Tis in vain to urge us out of a barren Point of meer Duty, to the Performance of what at the same time they tell us, is neither Meritorious in it self, nor must yield us any Desire of *Fame, Glory* and a great *Name*.

The Church of *Rome* has at length bred a Vermin in the Core of this Contemplative Notion, that may in time eat out all its Substance, as it has that of Religion, resolving (if they give us a true Account of it) all active Duties of Religion into these Mental Dreams, and enthusiastic Amusements, that is in the Quietists. And perhaps nothing has contributed more to the breeding the various Sects, that have fall'n off from the Church of *England*, than some enthusiastic Notions, they have caught hold of and in which they place the chief Principles of Religion.

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I wou'd not be understood, as if I allow'd no mental Pray'r, no Meditation on the Goodness, Mercy, and other Attributes of God, the Beauties of Providence, &c. which as they are excellent in themselves, are far from being prejudicial to the active Life ; but I am against making Contemplation the whole Business of ones Thoughts, and a wrong Contemplation, which vilifies the admirable Works of Heav'n, deprecates Man, its Masterpiece, and is destructive of *Humane Society*, which is the peculiar Care of that Deity we all adore, who is its Founder and Preserver : The End of the very Being of Man is Humane Society. Those Opinions therefore, that contribute most to that, must be the most acceptable to God, and, these, therefore, a Man may believe the surest and most direct Path to God his chief and ultimate End, Hope, and Desire.

I have been insensibly drawn into this Digression, which I hope is not altogether Foreign to the Book ; for as the Maxims and Reflections regard the private Life, so I find that the two Satires are an Essay to raise our dead Desire of Fame and Glory ; and till that is rais'd by their ancient Triumphs, Honours, &c. we may complain of the want of Public Virtues, but are not like to see them in a Nation where Faction has such Footing, and private Ends are carry'd on with so little Reason, and so great Animosity. But this I may venture to say, when true Poetry has more Esteem

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steem, and false Controversies and pernicious Principles less Pow'r, *England* will be happy. When those that set up for Reforming our Manners, have Morality themselves, and act not for Money, but the Love of the Public, Virtue and Poetry will flourish, and *England*, have true Patriots, and Defence in it self.

What remains is only a succinct Account of some few of those Great Men from whom I have taken the ancient Maxims, &c.

To begin with *Theognis* here, as well as in the Book. There were several of the Name, tho' our Author was first both in Time, and in Reputation, and his Sentences were always quoted as the Oracles of some *Apollo*. The time of his Birth, his Parents, Profession, and Death, are uncertain; all that can be gather'd is very doubtful, nor very consistent. From his own Verse, we find him to be of *Megara*, but there were several Cities of that Name; tho' *Plato*, and the many Authors, follow him, place it in *Sicily*, others will have it to be that *Megara* near the *Isthmus*, betwixt *Beotia*, *Attica*, and the *Peloponnesus*. His Fortune was but small, as his Writings shew; and he is thought to have lived in the 59th Olympiad. We have nothing extant of his Works but his Sentences, tho' he writ a great deal more: Some tell us he was contemporary with *Solon*, and addicted to the same sort of Study; both Lovers of Poetry, and both writ the Precepts of Virtue.

Phocy-

The Preface

Phocylides was Contemporary of *Pythagoras*; tho *Phocylides* was first known to the World according to *Eusebius*. He flourish'd in the 60th Olympiad, and *Pythagoras* in the 63d. In his time liv'd *Anacreon*, *Simonides*, and *Theognis*, and *Hieremie* the Prophet. *Suidas* differs but a Year from *Eusebius*: for he places both in the 59th Olympiad, 1047 after the Trojan War. As for his Sentences, *Suidas* assures us they were only the Heads of Chapters writ on these several Subjects. Of *Pythagoras* and *Solon* I need say little, since they are known to every one.

Suidas, after he has enumerated several of the Name of *Simonides*, mentions our Author at last as the Son of *Crinus*, a Writer of Iambics, of which and Elegies he wrote two Books. He liv'd 406 Years after the Trojan War; and some make him, not *Archilochus* the Inventor of Iambics.

Linus the Poets feign the Son of *Apollo*, but *Suidas* makes him a Native of *Chalcis*, and the first that brought Letters out of *Phenicia*; that he was Master or Tutor to *Hercules*, and is generally rang'd among the Lyric Poets of the first Form.

Callimachus was a Grammarian of *Cyrene*, the Scholar of *Hermocrates*; he is said to have been a Man of such indefatigable Application to his Study, that besides several Poems, he writ 80000 Books in Prose. He liv'd in the time of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, in the 121st Olympiad.

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Philemon was a Comic Poet, that wrote in the time of *Alexander* the Great, in the 111th Olympiade, something before *Menander*. He was, if we believe *Suidas*, a *Syracusan*; if *Strabo*, of *Pompeopolis*, a City of *Cilicia*.

Alexis was a *Thracian*, and Uncle to *Menander* the Comic Poet, who being ask'd as he crawl'd along with Old Age, What he did? Reply'd, I die by degrees.

Amphis was an *Athenian*, and a Comic Poet, and as *Lucretius* assures us, he liv'd in the time of *Plato*, on whom he reflected in his Poems.

Anaxandrides was the Son of *Anaxandrus*, of the Isle of *Rhodes*, or as some say of *Colophon*. He is supposed to have been born in the time of *Philip* of *Macedon*, near the 150th Olympiade. He was the Author of 65 Comedies, and won the Prize ten times.

Antiphanes was one of the most ancient of the Comic Poets, for he lived very near the time of *Thespis*, and from him Comedy was call'd the *Antiphanian* Verses.

Apollodorus was contemporary with *Menander*, and wrote a great many Comedies. He was reckon'd among the first Rank of Comic Poets of the New Comedy; and from him *Terence* translated his *Phormio*, and *Hecyra*.

Diphilus was of *Synope*, according to *Strabo*, and liv'd in the time of *Menander*; he wrote an Hundred Plays; and *Clemens Alexandrinus* commends them for being replenish'd with Sentences and the true *Ridiculum*. Me-

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Menander was an *Athenian*, by much the Prince of all Comic Poets of the New Comedy: He wrote 108 or 109 Comedies, as some say; tho *Apollodorus* says only 105.

This short Account I thought might not be unwelcome nor unnecessary; for it shews the Antiquity of the Sentences; and that those who would know more of them will think it worth their while to consult the Authors, whose Design makes them more large and particular.

Since this Impression has been wrought off, I have been assur'd that the Song of the *Old Man's Love* has been printed, which being ignorant of, and receiving it from the Hands of a Noble Lord to Print, I incautiously inserted; but it being Good in its kind, I hope the Transgression will be easily pardon'd by the Candid Reader.

E R R A T A.

Page 21. l. 2. for *She* r. *He*. p. 25. l. 9. for *Friend* r. *Fiend*. p. 27. l. 1. for *Hewes* r. *Heroes*. p. 28. l. 10. for *warm* r. *arm*. l. 13. for *cure*, r. *cure*. p. 32. l. 14. after *Spight* should only be a Comma. p. 36. l. 14. r. *Fulvils*. l. 17. after *Grimace* a Comma only. p. 40. l. 2. r. *who'd boast*. p. 41. l. 16. for *my* r. *thy*. p. 43. l. 6. r. *from*. p. 44. l. 7. for *with* r. *wou'd*. l. antepenult. for *this* r. *thus*. p. 46. l. 12. for *Lire* r. *Sire*. p. 57. l. 6. r. *this*. p. 67. l. 4. r. *buify'd*. p. 68. l. 5. r. *Heroes*. l. 7. r. *work*. p. 82. l. 4. r. *yours*. l. 6. r. *Fiends*. l. 15. r. *known*. p. 108. l. 20. add *for*. p. 109. l. 8. del. *will*. p. 112. l. 14. r. *seems*. p. 130. l. penult. r. *Houses*. p. 142. l. 17. r. *adapt*. p. 160. l. 1. r. *Beauty*.

EXAMEN MISCELLANEUM.

An ODE on the late Mr. Henry Purcel. By the most Honourable the Marquis of Normanby.

GOOD Angels snatch'd him eagerly on
high,
Joyful they flew, singing, and soaring thro' the Sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd Soul to fly,
While we, alas! did all lamenting lie!
But he went musing all along,
And new compos'd their Heav'nly Song.

B

Awhile

Awhile his skilful Notes loud Halleluja's drown'd,
But soon they ceas'd their own, to catch his pleasing
Sound.

Then with Divine Transport eccho'd it all around,
And *David's* tuneful Lyre improv'd the Harmony.

David in Sacred Story so renown'd,

No less for Musick, than for Poetry.

Oh ! Genius most sublime in either Art !

Crown'd with Applause, surpassing all Desert !

A Man just after God's own Heart !

If Humane Cares are lawful to the blest,

Already settl'd in Eternal Rest,

Needs must thou wish, that *Purcel* only might

Have liv'd to set whatever thou didst write.

For sure the Noble Thirst of Fame

In our frail Body never dies,

But with the Soul ascends the Skies,

From whence at first it came.

'Tis not the slightest Proof we have

That part of it survives the Grave,

And in our Fame below still bears a Share.

Why is the Future else so much our Care ?

Ev'n

Ev'n in our latest Moment of Despair ?

And Death it self despis'd by all the Wise, and Brave.

Oh ! all ye blest'd Harmonious Quire,

Whose only happy Business is to love and to admire.

Look down with Pity from your peaceful Bow'r,

On wretched Men perplext,

And ever, ever vext

With anxious Care of Trifles, Wealth, and Pow'r;

Among rough Minds due Reverence infuse

For sweet Melodious Sounds and every artful Muse.

Music improves our Nature, and inspires

Nothing but elevated Thoughts and eager warm
Desires.

SONG. *By Mr. Wolfley.*

LET humble Souls their Flames conceal,
Who love where they 're asham'd to tell;
All who admire your Charms (deny'd
To taste the Bliss) may fall with Pride.

And if the Just to Martyrdom will fly,
 When every Joy they hope for is unknown,
 And Faith do's without Reason, lead them on,
 Your Captives may with Satisfaction die,
 Since Pity will attend them to the Grave,
 A greater Blessing than they here cou'd have.

(2)

Yet think not, *Cloris*, Heav'n design'd
 The fairest Creatures, most unkind ;
 Those who may boast the brightest Eyes,
 Can claim but Hearts for Sacrifice ;
 And when you proudly wou'd make Life your Prey,
 Like an Ambitious Tyrant you will fall,
 Fear'd and admir'd, but envy'd by us all.
 You like the Sun your Glories shou'd display ;
 Tho' in one Clime a greater Heat you give,
 You no where shou'd refuse enough to live.

A Riddle on a Looking-Glass,

To a LADY.

SINCE you, with greatest Satisfaction may
 Converse with this severe smooth Counsellour
 Say who it is does good Advice convey,
 And yet can neither Feel, Speak, See, nor Hear?
 He tells my Lady *Loveman* she is old,
 That few will to the Charms of Paint submit;
 And oft he has to S---- and R-----told
 Their Persons are less taking, than their Wit.
 'Tis strange how he durst thus affront these Beaux,
 Whose Looks are not more fatal than their Swords;
 But like the *Hydra* Head cut off, he knows
 His Ruin many Counsellours affords:
 Yet, they pretend he's their indulgent Friend;
 And says they now are in their Youth and Prime.
 Whole Mornings in his Company they spend,

B 3

And

And are not fonder of themselves, than him:
 He's much in Courts, where he is Prince and Slave:
 Great Lady, Bawd, wise Statesman, Parasite,
 He's ugly, handsome, brisk, dull, Coward, brave
 And my Aversion, tho' he's your Delight.
 But, oh! of him beware, for he'll persuade
 No Mortal can deserve the Charms you own,
 Till you the pretious Moment have delay'd,
 And then he'll tell you all your Charms are gone.

By the Earl D----

(I.)

THe Fire of Love in youthful Blood,
 Like what is kindled in Brushwood
 But for a Moment burns,
 Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise:
 It crackles and to Vapour turns,
 And soon it self destroys.

But

[7]

(2.)

But when crept into aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,
And with a sullen Heat,
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long,
And tho' the Flame be not so great.
Yet is the Heat as strong.

*By the late Earl of Rochester, against
Marriage.*

MArriage, thou State of Jealousie and Care,
The Curse of *Wife*, what Flesh and Blood
can bear?

She ever loads your Head, and stuns your passive Ear,
And still the Plague you feel, or still you fear.
The World's enchanted with the flattering Scene;
But oh! the frightful Shapes that lurk within!

Wives, like the Morn, appear at distance bright,
 But Telescopes of Marriage change the Sight,
 And shew the misrepresented Prospect Right.
 For what did from afar with Glory smile,
 Near Hand is dark, a rugged uncooth Soil;
 The fancv'd Pleasure proves a tiresom Clogg;
 The Turf is Fair, but hides a fatal Bogg.
 When e're to ease your Care you take a Wife,
 She loads your Days, and doubly clogs your Life;
 Or by a Partner if you'd raise your Joy,
 The kind Partaker takes it all away.
 Perhaps in Rowing you may take a Pride;
 The Pleasure flies, when to the Oar you're ty'd.
 Like Gally-Slaves you live whene're you wed,
 Tugg at a Wife, and drag a Chain in Bed.
 Of all the *Bedlams* Marriage is the worst,
 With endless Cords, with endless Keepers curst!
 Frantic in Love you run, and rave about,
 Mad to get in, but hopeless to get out:
 still here you lie, for tho' your Frenzie's cur'd,
 The nauseous Hospital must ever be endur'd.

By

By the same.

I Promis'd *Sylvia* to be true ;
 Nay, out of Zeal, I swore it too :
 And that the might believe me more,
 Gave her in writing what I swore :
 Not Vows, not Oaths can Lovers bind ;
 So long as bless'd, so long they're kind :
 'Twas in a Leaf, the Wind but blew,
 Away both Leaf and Promise flew.

A SONG. By Dr. King.

YOU say you Love, repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing sound :
 Repeat the Ease of all my Pain,
 The Cure of every Wound.
 What you to thousands have deny'd,
 To me you freely give,

While

While I in humble Silence dy'd,
 Your Mercy bad me live.
 So upon *Latmos* top each Night
Endymion sighing lay,
 Gaz'd on the Moons transcending Light,
 Despair'd, but durst not pray.
 But Divine *Cynthia* saw his Grief,
 Th' Effect of conquering Charms,
 Unask'd, the Goddess brings Relief,
 And falls into his Arms.

Anacreontique to Delia on New-years-day.

By Mr. S----

A Wake, awake, bright Nymph appear,
 Give in a Glance my coming Year ;
 Faint Gleams of Light the Sphere adorn,
 Open those Eyes, and help the Morn :
 Begon, begon ye Shades away,

Her

Her Curtain draws, and breaks the Day :
 Behold the future Minutes strive
 Which soonest shall at her arrive:
 Some blisful, some afflicted be ;
 Be those for her, be these for me!
 Yet let her so much Sorrow know,
 As to conceive her Lovers Woe.
 Dear Time into her Breast inspire
 Tender Grief and soft Desire :
 And if thou hear'st the humble Pray'r
 Of Lovers dying in Despair,
 On the Wise, and on the Grave,
 On the Learned, on the Brave,
 Who wou'd Names and Fortunes raise,
 Good Time bestow thy Length of Days :
 Let Length of Days their Portion be,
 But give me Opportunity.

SONG.

SONG. *By the late Lord Rochester.*

SINCE Death on all lays his Impartial Hand,
 And all resign at his Command;
 The Stoic too, as well as I,
 With all his Gravity must die;
 Let's wisely manage this last Span,
 The momentary Life of Man;
 And still in Pleasure's Circle move,
 Giving our Days to Friends, and all our Nights to
 Love.

*Then while we are here let's thus perfectly live,
 And taste all the Pleasures, that Nature can give;
 Fresh Heat when Life's fading, our Wine will inspire,
 And fill all our Veins with a Nobler Fire.*

(2.)

When we're sapless, old, and impotent,
 Then we shall grieve for Youth mispent;
 Wine and Women only can

Cherish

Cherish the heavy Heart of Man.

Let's drink on till our Blood o'reflows

Its Channels, and luxuriant grows :

Then when our Whores have drein'd each Vein,

And the thin Mass fresh Spirits crave, let's drink
again.

Then while we are here, &c.

(3.)

The happy King, whom Heav'n it self call'd Wife,

Saw all was Vanity but Vice :

His active Mind, ever in quest of Bliss,

Survey'd all things, and stuck to this :

Myriads of Harlots round him strove,

Some sung, while others acted Love.

Who then our Frailties can condemn,

Since one so wise left all to follow them ?

Epi-

Epigram. By Mr. Oldmixon.

IN Greece of old the Candidates of Fame
 Sung often for the Prize, as well as Name ;
 With Heroes at their Games the laurell'd Bard
 Sat crown'd, in equal Honour and Reward :
 With Grace, and Majesty, and Art they Sung,
 And whole *Olympus* of their Tryumphs rung :
 But now, alas ! the Glorious Scene is chang'd,
 The Poet with the Player now is rang'd :
 The Stages either Growth alike produce,
 And every Punk in Tinsel is a Muse.
 With Lust and Wine perhaps the Coxcomb fir'd,
 Grows vain, and fondly fancies he's inspir'd :
 The Player damn'd, and hiss'd from off the Stage,
 Turns Poet, writes, and entertains the Age ;
 Fame he renounces, and in this he's wise ;
 For what despises him, he shou'd despise.
 He takes, is damn'd ; by turns he lives or starves,
 As the Whim runs, and not as he deserves.

The

The vilest Flatteries his Ambition raise ;
 A Fool's Applause, and ev'n an Actor's Praise :
 But Fortune soon her Favourite must disown,
 And where she took him up, will lay him down.

*An Elegy on the Earl of Rochester. By
 the Honourable Mrs. Wharton.*

DEEP Waters silent roll, so Grief like mine
 Tears never can relieve, nor Words define ;
 Stop then your rainy Source, weak Springs of Grief,
 Let Tears flow from their Eyes, whom Tears relieve.
 They from their Heads shew their light Sorrows
 there ;

Cou'd my Heart weep, it's Sorrows 'twou'd declare.
 Weep drops of Blood, my Heart, thou'lt lost thy
 Pride,

The Cause of all thy Hopes and Fears, thy Guide.
 He wou'd have led thee right in Wisdom's way,
 And 'twas thy Fault when e're thou wentst astray :

And

And since thou strayd'st when guided and led on,
Thou wilt be surely lost now left alone.

It is thy Elegy I write, not his ;

He lives immortal, and in highest Bliss

But thou art dead alas! my Heart, thou'rt dead, }

He lives, that lovely Soul for ever fled, }

And thou 'mong Crouds on Earth art buried.

He led thee up the steep and high Ascent

To Poetry, the Sacred Way he went.

He taught thy Infant Muse the Art betime,

Tho' then the way was difficult to climb.

Since *Daphne* prostituted has her Tree,

We well may scorn the *Chime* of Poetry :

Then she was only his, Constant and Fair,

And taught us all Desire, and all Despair.

But now, like other Beauties, oft enjoy'd,

Her Charms are gone, and all her Lovers cloy'd :

Great was thy Loss, which thou can'st ne're express,

Nor was th' insensible dull Nation's less.

He

He civiliz'd the Rude, and taught the Young,
 Made Fools grow wise, such artful Magic hung
 Upon his useful and instructive Tongue.
 His lively Wit was of himself a Part,
 Not as in other Men the Work of Art
 For tho' his Learning, like his Wit, was great;
 Yet sure all Learning came below his Wit:
 As God's immediate Gifts are better far,
 Than those we borrow from our Likeness here.
 He was-----but I want Words, and ne're can tell--
 Yet this I know, he did Mankind excell.
 And was what no Man ever was before,
 Nor can indulgent Nature give us more;
 For to make him sh' exhausted all her store.
 His Childhood flam'd with that Poetic Rage,
 With which he since inform'd, and blest the Age.
 Then when his Limbs were weak, his Wit was strong,
 Good Sense, before plain Words, adorn'd his Tongue.
 No wonder that he left the World so soon;
 The little time he had was all his own.
 No part of it in Childhood stole away,

And yet this matchless Pattern went astray.
 When such as he can Err, and Angels fall,
 What hope have we ever to climb at all?
 God saw this drooping Star, and cast him down,
 'That he might raise his Soul to be his own.
 God saw and lov'd him, saw this chiefest Part
 Of his Creation from his Precepts start,
 Blest him with dying Pains, and gave him more
 In that last mournful Gift, than all before.
 Gave him a Penitence so fixt, so true,
 A greater Penitence, no Saint e're knew.
 Which done, the merciful Creator said,
 This Creature of my own is perfect made;
 No longer fit to dwell with Man below,
 He'll be a Wonder amongst Angels now;
 I'll strait to those exalted Spirits show
 What stupid Man can not enough admire;
 He stopt, and his best finish'd Work expir'd,
 And the Triumphant Soul to Heav'n aspir'd.
 To Heav'n, where everlasting Glories shine;
 To Heav'n, where Cherubim with Angels join,

To

To welcome him, whom we'll no more deplore,
 Since so well landed on that happy Shoar.
 He who cou'd here below such wonders sing,
 What will he now to Heav'n's eternal King?
 And since our Joys in him were here so great,
 What will they be, when we immortal meet.
 With Extasie these Thoughts enflame my Mind,
 Methinks I leave this Case of Flesh behind,
 And to him wing'd with Joy out-flye the Wind.

On the foregoing Elegy. By Mr. J. How.

Thus, of his dear *Euclidice* depriv'd,
 In Numbers soft the faithful *Orpheus* griev'd,
 Thus charm'd the World, while he his Pains re-
 liev'd.

To hear his Lyre the Beasts and Forests strove;
 But yours alone can Men, and Angels move,
 Can teach those how to write, these how to love.

You only cou'd deserve so good a Friend,
And to be thus lamented by your Pen,
Was only due to th' wittiest, best of Men.

His Soul to Heav'n he willingly resign'd,
But kindly left within your matchless Mind
A double Portion of his Wit behind.

Equal to this is the Return you give,
Lofty as Clouds, which did his Soul receive;
His well-sung Name does in your Poem live.

On the same Elegy. By Mr. Waller.

THUS mourn the Muses on the Hearse,
Not strowing Tears, but lasting Verse;
Which so preserves the Heroe's Name,
They make him live again in Fame.

Chloris in Lines so like his own,
Gives him so just and high Renown,

That

That she the afflicted World relieves,
And shews that still in her she lives.

Her Wit is graceful, great, and good,
Ally'd in Genius, as in Blood ;
His loss supply'd, now all our Fears
Are, that the Nymph shou'd waft in Tears.

Then fairest *Chloris* comfort take,
For his, your own, and for our Sake ;
Lest his fair Soul that lives in you,
Shou'd from the World for ever go.

S A T I R E S
A N D
F A B L E S.

The INTRODUCTION.

To Mr. F---n of the City of London.

WHere to address, in this degenerate Age
The dangerous Truths of so severe a Page,
Were hard to know for him, that knows not you;
So scarce is Judgment, and good Men so few.
Midst the mean Hopes, th' ignoble War of Wealth,
The Pest of Gain, you keep your Peace, and Health.
As *Arethusa* with collected Force
Thro' the salt Ocean takes her wondrous Course,
In

In vain Occasion prompts (the Sexes Bane)
 Th' adult'rous Waves press to her Arms in vain, }
 A Pride of Faith they meet, repell'd with wise
 Disdain.

Repeated Onsets find her still the same,
 She still preserves unfoil'd the Honours of her Stream.
 Ev'n so united flows your Stream of Good,
 Unmixt it passes thro' the briny Flood,
 Thro' the mid Seas of buisfy Trade it rolls, }
 No Guile infects it, and no Art controuls,
 But bold and pure its constant Journey holds.
 While foolish Cunning, with prepostrous Toyl,
 A wast of unreturning Life, tills an ungrateful Soil.
 The tardy Glebe his promis'd Crop denies,
 That none can reap e're the fond Tiller dyes.
 For hoarded Gold can yeild no rich Produce,
 While in a heap the Grain, and impotent of use,
 So vanishing a Hope, you'll not pursue,
 But thro' th' imagin'd Good you chase the true;
 Gain as the Means to greater Goods you choose,
 The honest Gain in generous Deeds you use.

The Liberal Arts are your Sublimer Care,
 Desert to cherish, and the Muse to chear.
 For well you know all we can call our own,
 Or Happiness, is virtuous Fame alone.
 Wealth is of Chance, great Birth our Founders claim,
 Ours, and immortal only, is a virtuous Fame.
Athenian Heroes thus were skill'd of old,
 Had thus the happy Art to couple Worth with Gold.
 Glory and Trade cou'd there consist we find,
 And jointly breed the Muse, and Arts of every kind.
 Thence flow'd their present Wealth, and Pow'r,
 and Name,
 And certain Promise of their future Fame.

But we, a servile, dark, and grov'ling Race,
 In day benighted, sick of boasted Grace,
 Level with Earth, below it still inclin'd,
 Unknowing of the Glories of the Mind,
 To Heathen Worthies Virtue have resign'd. }
 Our Christian Arts, that spread thro' all our Tribes,
 And cherish'd by us, are Usurious Bribes;

Grinding Oppression, unforgiving hate,
 That Duty can't destroy, nor Benefits abate,
 With all the motly Heard of infamous Deceit.
 The *Proteus* Avarice, with his various shapes,
 That artfully so many Virtues apes:
 Here robs the People with the Patriots Face ;
 There peels the King with Loves obliging Grace :
 Here he betrays in the dear Shape of Friend,
 And trusted there the Saint belyes the Friend.
 His subtle Volumes I no more will trace,
 My Soul averse declines the devious Chace.
 All Trades, all Arts afford him a Disguise,
 To this Sole Height the Fool's Ambition flies,
 His Heav'n to barter for the Name of Wife.
 Forgotten is all Zeal of Publick Good ;
 Slighted the Tyes of Nature and of Blood,
 And broke the Bands of Children, Parents, Bro-
 therhood.
 Devoted all without Resource, remain
 Proud of their Vices, of their Follies vain.

'Twere

'Twere Crimes like these, that rous'd the Prophet's Rage,

In loud Enthusiastick Threats, to warn th' abandon'd Age.

In vain th' abandon'd Age they strove to cure,
 Th' abandon'd Age sinn'd on, of suddain Fate secure:
 Blind of the Future, and immers'd in Shame,
 They laugh'd at Virtue, and contemn'd bright Fame;
 Scoff'd at the heav'nly Poets awful Song,
 To Right unapt, but obstinate in Wrong.
 Hence Sloath to Public Virtue took its Rise;
 False Pride, forbidden Lusts, and Perjuries:
 A prone, and downward Bent to private Gain;
 Envy, Hypocrisie, with their long gloomy Train.
 Himself and Country the blind Statesman Sold,
 Won by the Harlot Charms of secret Gold.
 The Priests dissolv'd in Infamy and Ease,
 Sought not to Cure, but fed the dire Disease;
 Till ripe for Ruin now, some Neighb'ring State,
 Inur'd to Virtue, and in League with Fate,
 (For still the Wise and Valiant must be fortunate;) }
 Starts up with Sacred Thirst of Fame inspir'd,

Led

Led on by Hewes, and by Poets fir'd.
 Around the Terrours of their Virtue spread,
 Their Country's Name is every Kingdom's Dread,
 And prostrate Nations own it for their Head.

Devoted *Israel* now too late alarm'd,
 By Cunning lost, by Luxury disarm'd ;
 The suddain Storm aghast in huge Dismay,
 With Stupid Eyes, and helpless Hands survey,
 Naked of Virtue, and of Force bereft,
 Their only Safety in their Guilt is left ;
 With Gold awhile they keep their Fate at Bay,
 With Gold th'impending Ruin they delay,
 But Gold at last reveals the easie Prey.

To hateful Bondage now by Gold they're sent ;
 Thus Gold their Crime becomes their Punishment.

The same our Crimes are, but avert that Fate,
 Oh Heav'n, and teach us Virtue e're too late.
 Give us to know our ruinous Estate !
 To lash these Vices is my generous Aim,
 If not a Bard's, to win a Patriot's Name ;
 A Track disus'd, tho' not the last in Fame.

With

With Heat unbated, tho' with Nerves untrod,
 O're rugged Ways m'adventurous Car I go,
 Spight of the fearful Precipice on either side.
 The Publick Good, and Honour fire my soul,
 With ardent Eyes I view 'em at the Goal.
 And on amain, with smoaking Wheels I roll.
 Impatient of a safe, unknown Retreat,
 Paths infecure I choose, and urge a glorious Fate.
 Thy Rage and Force, *Archilochus* be mine;
 Thy keen Iambicks warn each nervous Line;
 My End's more noble, Cause more just than thine.
 Thy pointed Verse arose from private wrong,
 While publick Care exalts my Patriot Song.
 And thou, O Genius, of the harmonious Train,
 Now hear my Pray'r, nor let my Vows be vain;
 Give Numbers, Strength, Variety, and Grace,
 Give every Art to please a vain censorious Race;
 That while the gilded Vehicle delights,
 The Dose may heal their sickly Appetites.
 And thou, my Patron, with my Genius smile,
 And I shall surely reap the Harvest of my Toil.

S A T I R E.

The Dignity of the Old Poetry, the Degeneracy of the Moderns, for Satire against Lampoon and Flattery.

To the same.

WHen Men forgetful of their high Descent,
To Cares obscene had ta'en a Foreign Bent,
And, by strange Miracle of Stupidness, from Reason went :

Like Brutes to salvage Solitude confin'd,
Unknowing of the Honours of their Kind,
To Joys of sweet Society design'd;
Led by blind Appetite to Force they stray'd,
And wild promiscuous Lusts alone obey'd.

The Muse arose, her charming Lyre she strung,
To Sounds harmonious better Nature sung,
And Godlike Reason to th' admiring Throng.

The

The Stony Race, within their alter'd Soul,
 Find op'ning Heav'n, and strange new Pleasures roll.
 Their Woods and Wilds, taught by the Muse, they
 flye,

Taught by the Muse, they own their kindred Skye, }
 Taught by the Muse, they close in sweet Society. }

She first reveal'd the endearing Tyes of Life,
 Of Parents, Children, and *One* tender Wife, }
 The Charms of Peace, and joyless Toyls of Strife. }
 Refin'd their Gross in Elegant Desires,

And warm'd their Hearts with new, and purer Fires.
 Gather'd the scatter'd Beams of Love in one,
 Which, by that Union, fiercer burnt and shone.

She taught their Minds yet a Sublimer Lore,
 Inform'd by her, they heav'nly Power's adore.

She fir'd their Bosoms with Heroic Flame,
 And made their Souls enlarg'd, thirst an Immortal
 Name.

To deathless Honour the yet tardy Race,
 She goaded on to hold the Glorious Chace.

Sharp Emulation sprung from her sweet Lays ;
 To generous Minds, the sharpest Goad is Praise.
 To praise old *Greece* and *Rome* their Patriots ow'd,
 And from that Fountain all their Heroes flow'd.
 But Love of Praise is only of the Brave,
 The Base no Taste at all can of her Beauties have.
 Vice, like a dark Suffusion, dims their Sight,
 Their downward Looks impatient of her Light, }
 Indulge their Blindness, and enjoy their Night.
 Dishonest Blotches they for Beauties take,
 And ulc'rous Infamy their Honour make ;
 Till the kind Muse, in this Disease of Mind,
 Satire applies to cleanse the Leprous Kind ;
 Lashes the sluggish Patient into Health,
 And makes him useful to the common Wealth.

Thus States, Religion, Laws, and Virtue sprung,
 First from the Poets providential Song.
 Such was the generous Aim of Bards of old,
 E're Satire flow'd from private Hate, or publick
 Praise was Sold.

Like

Like upright Judges they of Soul severe,
 Not warp'd by Passion, gave a Fame sincere :
 While Modern Poets have debas'd their Cause,
 Too fondly greedy of a short Applause.
 A mean Desire, a vulgar Sense of Praise,
 Feeds their Ambition of a fading Bayes ;
 Whom conscious Impotence of deathless Fame,
 Taught the poor Arts to snatch an easie Name.
 An easy Name from humane Frailty won,
 Deboching Satire into vile Lampoon :
 An easie Name from Defamation sprung,
 By branding Merit, and by flattering Wrong.
 Surpriz'd by Malice into false Delight,
 By Lust of Scandal, and the Joy of Spight.
 The Town awhile is lavish of Acclaim,
 And gives a rapid Flash of fleeting Fame ;
 That Fury spent, the Bard, and guilty Rhimes,
 Become the Scorn and Lumber of the Times.
 Thus *Carbo*, *Fuscus*, and a thousand more,
 So valu'd, nay, so Idoliz'd of yore,

On dusky Bulks now unregarded lie,
 While to Oblivion from Contempt they fly.
 Forgot is their false Wit, that charm'd the Town,
 Th' unfaithful Promise of Renown is gon.
 Buffoon, or Libeller alone remains,
 To crown their Hopes, and recompence their Pains.
 Thus in our Dreams, when drunken Fancy brings
 The jarring Scenes of ill-connected Things,
 Starts of false Wit, and Pleasures oft arise,
 And with delusive Joys th'unjudging Mind surprize.
 But when the drowsy Vapours once retreat,
 And awful Judgment has resum'd his Seat,
 We scarce remember the ill-form'd Deceit. }
Pulex a Scribler, with Contempt still nam'd,
 In every way, by every Reader damn'd;
 For all he'd try'd, prov'd Impotent in all;
 The Players Dread, the Load of every Stall;
 By Envy fir'd at last diverts the Town,
 And grows a Wit by a vile, dull Lampoon.
 So spreads the Itch of Scandal thro' our kind!
 By that our Judgment thus deboch'd we find.

From these with Care, I'll wing my upward Flight,
 And emulous of ancient Bards, aspire a nobler Height.
 Nor will descend to praise the Guilty Great,
 Nor paint them Good, that are but Fortunate.
 Nor yet misled by Thirst of quick Renown,
 Caress the Fame-Dispensers of the Town,
 To swell with Pride of Merit, not my own.
 Nor will I flatter here, to take my part,
 The Artless Judges of the noblest Art;
 Weak Statesmen, Beaux, Buffoons and forward Boys,
 Rich Poetasters, Wits too vain of Noise,
 With the long Muster-roll of fashionable Toys.
 Nor like the servile Writers court their Praise,
 Grant their Prerogative to dispose the Bays,
 To purchase with so prodigal a Bribe,
 So vain, assuming, and so frail a Tribe.
 I'll sooth no Courtiers Folly, nor his Vice,
 Nor hope his Favours, yet not pay his Price.
 In vain mistaken Wit, there seeks Rewards;
 He sells his Favours still for Gold, not Words.

In vain the Poets raise his alien Name
 In glorious Praise, too well belye his Fame,
 Untouch'd with Merit, and th' eternal Song,
 The haughty Pageant still, o're-looks the learned
 Throng :

While, with his Smiles, the senseless Sharpers grac'd,
 And only Bawds, and Whores his Bounty tast.
 In Lust of Women and in Lust of Gain,
 With Guilt he fills those Baggs, his Vice and Fol-
 lies drein.

Miser to Merit, but to Knaves profuse,
 For those he'll cherish for his private use.
 True Poets to base Arts are Foes profess'd,
 And, by false Statesmen, ne're have been caref'd :
 For when, by some forgetful Nod of Will,
 They deviate to the Care of Poets, still
 They slight the Good, and countenance the Ill. }

But O, ye learned Bards, it is your due,
 The Pride of Heroes was deboch'd by you ;
 Your sacred Pens meer Prostitutes became,
 Learnt Harlot Arts, and prodigal of Shame ;
 Gave to the titl'd Rout, the Heroes rightful Fame. }

For a mean, slavish, scanty Bribe of Gold,
 Your Praise to sordid Knaves, and Fools you fold.
 How oft, by Mercenary Hopes betray'd,
 You worship'd the dead Idol that you made :
 But your dead Idol, as an Idol shou'd,
 Deaf to your Vows, and impious Offerings stood, }
 By Nature dull, and Impotent of Good.
 On Courtiers, Beaux, and Miser Lords you fawn'd,
 A Race more Vile than e're before was spawn'd.
 The Courtier still on *Bribes*, and *Grants* intent,
 Of liberal Arts was ne're a Patron meant.
 The Beau, whose Body is his humble Care,
 Whose Study moving with peculiar Air, }
 With Pulvids, Wig, and Drefs t'amuse the Fair.
 Whose Learning 'tis to ogle with a Grace, }
 To know the proper Leers, and Turns of Face,
 And all the infamous Excellencies of Grimace.
 Of Soul's too poor, to bear th' Expence of Mind,
 Which in the generous Care of Arts he'd find.
 The Miser Lord in Tricks of State grown old,
 Venal of Soul, a faithful Drudge to Gold.

Inur'd

Inur'd to griping, exercis'd in Gain,
 Averse to Wisdom, of mean Cunning vain,
 Can ne're be bounteous but with anxious Pain;
 And what is painful will with Caution shun,
 As one bigotted to himself alone.
 How cou'd you hope to win, or ev'n to please
 Such vile, such despicable things, as these?
 How in such shapeless Idols put your Trust?
 Or think they cou'd be gen'rous, that are not just?
 How hope them Patrons of true Wit and Sense,
 Who think them Trifles, not an Excellence?
 Ye Few, who yet partake the Heav'nly Fires,
 Ye sacred Few, whom yet the Muse inspires,
 Be chaste of Praise, nor Knaves and Fools rehearse,
 Nor, with swell'd Names, debase the Dignity of Verse.
 To Poetasters leave the Courtier Crowd,
 Knaves vain of Wealth, and Fools of Parchment
 proud:
 Choose you the Brave, the Gen'rous, and the Good.
 Virtue alone is worthy of your Praise,
 To Virtue, true Nobility, devote your Lays.

Conspicuous then you'd prove, and eminently
 bright,
 And Men wou'd look up t'ye with Wonder and
 Delight,
 Contending all to share th' Ambition of your
 Flight.

Your Patrons wou'd peculiar Glories know,
 Distinguish'd from the dull promiscuous Mob below.
 Nor will I here Men worthy Fame trduce,
 In hopes to please the Town, with the Abuse :
 Or by my own, or Foreign Malice fir'd,
 Provok'd by Envy, or by Pride inspir'd,
 Attaint the Guiltless, growing Worth defame,
 And for incurious Errors intercept his Aim ;
 Glance on his Merit with a sly Regard,
 And blast the unripe Promise of a Bard.
 Let bruis'd *Pettricio* that vile Province own,
 The Scoundrel Scandal-monger of the Town.
 But why, *Vopiscus*, shou'd thy Learned Muse
 Descend to Calumny, and Consecrate Abuse ?
 Oh ! I shou'd blush with an indignant Shame,
 To use such Arts for a precarious Name,
 The Lees, the Dregs, the Sedement of Fame.

*An Elegy on the Death of Mr. Dryden
the First of May, 1700.*

HEar, ye bright Muses! your own *Dryden's* dead,
Come, and your Tears o're his dear Ashes
shed :

Yet Tears are vain in Sorrow such as yours,
That is too big for all your Mournful Show'rs!
Tears but the lighter Stroaks of Trouble shew,
But from the Heart our mightiest Sorrows flow ; }
The Tears our Heart shed, prove substantial Woe.
Ye Sons of *Phæbus* in sad Numbers weep,
Your Master lies benum'd in Death's dark Iron Sleep
He led you all ; enlighten'd by his Ray,
You found to *Pindus* Top the doubtful Way.
With Force he labour'd up the steep Ascent,
But few can follow in the Track, he went.
The Way is much too difficult to climb
By the vain Tribe that still pretend to Rhime.

And since the Bays is claim'd by every Brow,
 Who boasts himself a vulgar Poet now?
 Harmonious Numbers and immortal Wit
 Shin'd still thro' all this wondrous Poet writ:
 Yes, let him write, the Graces round him throng,
 And add resistless Beauties to his Song.
 Learning and Wit still kept an equal Course,
 That furnish'd Strength, this sweetn'd still that Force.
 To sum up all that's rare and very hard,
 In him were join'd the *Critick* and the *Bard*.
 His Body old, his Wit continu'd Young,
 Weak were his Limbs, his Lines robust and strong,
 In Winter as in Spring this warbling Swan still
 sung.

If Health be Harmony, the Wonder's great,
 How *Discord-Sickness* shou'd Admittance get,
 Where Harmony it self had plac'd her Regal Seat,
Disease in vain had oft the Fortrefs storm'd
 With Harmony Divine, as oft it found it arm'd:
 Repulse upon Repulse enrag'd to find,
 Now on new Arts she bent her deadly Mind:

She

She watch'd each Chance to level with the Ground
A Fort so long impregnable she'd found:

* Malicious Chance a fatal Breach had made,
Too small indeed, without dire *Gangrenes* Aid, }
For Death to enter with its stern Brigade.

Oh! Why was Man so beautiful to view?
So like a God in Form, so like in Hue?
Of such frail Mold, of such weak Atoms form'd!
A pompous Bulwark, but by all things storm'd!
The Heaven-made Frame dissolv'd by every chance?
The brittle Purcelane's broke by each Advance!
Yet if the common Heap of Men must be
Thus open to the Aim of every Destiny,
Why shou'd those Heroes, whose exalted Souls
Set them aloft, still share the Fate of Fools?

But cease, my Muse, my vain Enquiry cease!
Nor thou repine at what dread Fate does please!
The Heav'n-born Soul incumber'd in its Flight
Throws off the Body to ascend more light.

* *He dy'd of a Gangrene.*

Thus when immortal *Dryden's* Soul was tir'd,
She left her Garment, and to Heav'n aspir'd.

I be Dissatisfy'd.

WHat Fool on Earth, since all must Fate obey,
Wou'd drag a wretched Life from day
to day ;

The Journey once begun, why on the Road this
stay ?

Delay my Soul's unable to support,

The speedier Death, the Way is made more short,

The shorter Life, the less we stray from our kind,
destin'd Port:

But if on Earth I'm longer doom'd to live,

What Character wou'd Satisfaction give ?

And what wou'd most my weary Thoughts re-
lieve ?

Wou'd I be Witty thought ? Great ? Just ? or Wise ?

Wou'd I be beautiful, and apt to please ?

The

The Witty still are rack'd with thoughtful Pain,
Seeking for what they never will obtain.

They search, and think they're sure at last to find
Some Pleasure suited to their boundless Mind ;
Unhappy they, with too much Light are blind. }

For cou'd they form the World with Chymic Art,
Extract the Soul and Essence of each part,

With that unpleas'd they'd rise, with Thoughts sub-
lime,

Above the groveling Earthy Joys, and higher strive
to climb.

The *juster Few* with Crowds of Odds oppress'd,
Are prais'd by all, yet mid this Praise distress'd :
For Virtue here still meets a cold Regard ;
By all abandon'd, 'tis its own Reward.

The Wise are ty'd to Forms, to sooth their Foes,
Industriously their Happiness they lose ;
Severely envious of each others Fame ;

Ignoble Martyrs to an Empty Name !

Beauty is vain, and gives no lasting Joys,

Its own sure Snare, and once possess'd soon cloy.

By

By *Greatness* fetter'd groans the Free-born Mind.
 * By wakeful Cares in Golden Grates confin'd.
 All I have nam'd to Misery is ty'd,
 And Liberty alone to Happiness ally'd :
 Free, and secure, untalk'd of, nay, unknown,
 Humble I'd be, neglected and alone :
 Love and Ambition I with Scorn with fly,
 And shun that World that did my Hopes destroy.

*The Vision. A Fable. Inscribed to
 Dr. Garth.*

By the Author of the foregoing Satyrs.

SAY, learned *Garth*, around whose Favourite Head
 Thy own *Apollo's* Wreaths are doubly spread!
 In whom alone his darling Arts are joyn'd,
 To heal the Body, and exalt the Mind.
 At this Approach discolour'd Sickness flies,
 And at thy Song detested Folly dyes;
 Prescribe, we live ; or sing, and we are wise.

}
 Say,

Say, for thou knowest, what different Structures have
 The Wise, the Fool, the Sordid, and the Brave?
 You Nature thro' her hidden Windings trace,
 To you she stands confess'd, and shews her secret Face.
 Her various Workings, and her various Springs,
 How these she moves, how those her End she
 brings.

The humane Fabric perfectly you know,
 Its wondrous Order none so plainly show,
 Unlock the various Chambers of the Brain,
 That do of things the Images retain.

Or else peruse with all thy Skill and Art,
 Observe with narrow Scrutiny the Heart.

The Passions Seat, the Rendezvous of Blood,
 The purple Court, where every crimson Flood
 Frequent, and swift her refluent Duty pays;
 Then thro' ten thousand wandring Channels strays, }
 Till her hot rolling Streams she back again conveys.
 A brisker Motion there is surely found,
 When generous Passions in the Heart abound.

Then

Than when upon the Throne of Life preside
Cold Avarice, dull Envy, and false Pride ;
For sure the Winter of their Icy Reign
Must all the Currents of the Blood constrain ;
But if Existence force them just to roll,
Scarce moves the Heart, scarce wagg's the sluggish
Pool.

But shou'd the Structures, as the Forms, agree,
So vast a Difference in the Minds we see,
That both their various Springs of Being prove,
The bad infernal Guile, the Good the Pow'rs above.
These stamp'd by Heav'n, disclose the bright Impress;
Those manifest of Hell, their gloomy Lire confess.
Yes, yes, O *Garth*! from different Seeds we rise,
Too long have been conceal'd the Honours of our
Race.

Knave now no more shall boast permitted Fame,
Nor with the Sons of Heav'n one common source
shall claim;
The Muse unfolds their Infamy, and vindicates
our Name.

Hear! hear! and listen to my wondrous Song,
Hear Truths reveal'd, that have been hid too long!
And

And thou, oh Muse! from whom the Vision came
 Inspire thy Prophet with no vulgar Flame,
 Like *Garth's*, give Force and Numbers, thus they'll be
 Worthy my awful Theam, and worthy thee.
 Thou saw'st the dark *Promethews* form his Clay,
 And with pernicious Skill the Work of Heav'n Essay.

On *Cambria's* pleasing Coast there is a Place,
 The favorite Seat of Happpiness and Peace.
 From Courts by Faction driv'n, from Fields by War,
 From Towns by Business, and the wrangling Bar;
 From many by the Common Ills of Life;
 From more, by that domestic Plague, a Wife;
 From most by Envy, Pride, and a vain Lust of
 Strife:

Hither, sweet Happiness and Peace remove,
 Attended by the Muses and by Love.

A Range of lofty Hills, like Nature's Pale,
 Surround the Margin of the flowry Dale:

In which a thousand bubbling Springs arise,
 And to the Vale a thousand Rills suffice ;
 With wandring Streams diffusing all around
 Joy to the Eyes, and Fatness to the Ground.
 Frequent, tho' small, the shady Woods appear,
 To Herds from scorching Suns the Noon-tide Lare.
 At equal distance from the ambient Hills,
 Above the Plain an easie Hill there swells,
 Whose Navel dimpl'd with a hollow Round,
 Of Five Luxuriant Fountains rich is found,
 Whose infant Currents soon united flow
 In a just Stream, into the Grove below,
 Where deeper yet a suddain Valley falls,
 Thro' which o're broken Rocks, the tumbling
 Water brawls.

Each verdant Bank a Range of Trees o're-spreads,
 That shuts the Sun out with contiguous Shades :
 Insidious Reptiles ne're this Place infest,
 No vexing Insects your Retreat molest,
 But all is peaceful here, and consecrate to Rest.

Beneath

Beneath the Covert of this lovely Grove,
 Distress'd by Fortune much, but more by Love,
 Extended on the Mossy Couch I lay,
 And lost in unavailing Thoughts the Day.

In Thoughts on *Fate*, and *various Man* intent,
 Whose Inclinations, of so different Bent
 Wou'd fain perswade, as different a Descent.

Here they are *prone*, and tending all to Earth,
 Aspiring there they own their Heav'nly Birth ;

Here generous, brave, for *publick Good* design'd ;

Degenerate there, and to themselves confin'd,
 Form'd for the Scourge, and Ruin of Mankind.

Till tir'd, at length, with the perplexing Theam,

And lull'd to Slumbers by the tumbling Stream,

Her journeying Thoughts to ease the weary'd Mind

Her self in Sleeps renewing Arms, reclin'd.

No sooner downy Sleep my Eyes had clos'd

And all these Tumults of my Thoughts compos'd ;

But Fancy, lightned by some Ray divine,

Open'd this glorious Visionary Scene.

E

The

The darken'd Skies, with suddain Light o'erspread
 On all the Grove its beamy Honours shed ;
 Then, from the wide dividing Heavens, there came
 A Tide of Glory and a Burst of Flame,
 Thence, on the Wings of the obsequious Winds,
Urania swiftly to the Grove descends ;
 A thousand Graces in her Train appear,
 With all the various Hours, and Seasons of the Year
 In shining Azure was the Muse array'd,
 And both her Dress, and Mien confess'd the Maid
 O'er heav'nly Songs presiding ; in one Hand,
 Her Lyre she held, the other bore a Wand,
 Which (with those heav'nly Terrors almost dead)
 She gently wav'd around my drooping Head,
 Thence Vigour flow'd, and Force to see, and hear
 What else cou'd not be born by humane Sight or Ear.
 No mortal Bard can e'er recite her Song,
 Or tell what wondrous Sounds flow'd from her heav'nly
 Tongue.

Free sung the Muse from Arts of barbarous Rhime,
 No whorish Charms she sought from that false *jing-
 ling Chime.*

Hear! hear! my Son; and give attentive Ear!
 (For thus the Muse smil'd gracious, and begun :)
 What thy revolving Thoughts in vain pursue,
 And in uncertain Ballance weigh, I sing;
To Humane-kind the Cause and Rise of Woe!

When the foredoom'd and pointed Period came,
Love, Power, and Wisdom, form'd this various
 Globe;

Hills, Groves, and Fountains from the Earth up
 sprung

At the dread Summons of th' Omnifick Word,
 And Myriads then of living Creatures rose,
 Of Fish, of Fowl, of Reptiles, and of Beasts
 That swim the Flood, and wing the Air sublime,
 That creep, or walk the Surface of the Ground.

But *Earth*, Heav'n's Image, wanted yet a Lord,

Capacious of her Glory, unknowing that
To Food confin'd the mute Creation lay.

In God's own likeness form'd, Imperial M A N,
By Heav'nly Mission sent, is own'd her Lord :
Earth leaps for Joy, laughs Nature all around,
Fountains and Floods, Aerial Hills, low Dales,
With flowry Meads, and shady Groves, exult ;
Fish, Fowl, and Beast, and every living Thing,
As in one common Jubilee rejoicing,
In solemn Pomp, receive their welcom Lord ;
Their Lord by Kindred Earth to them ally'd,
' To Heav'n ally'd too by th' Etherial Fire,
That animates, and moves his Earthy Form ;
Pure was his Soul, breath'd from the Mouth of God
With Good dilated, and inform'd by Love,
Love, Wisdom, Power, in Minature design'd
From the Eternal Architype above,
The Maker's Image wondrously express'd.

It boots not long to dwell on things well known,
Or tell how *Sathan* from his dark abode,
The gloomy Mansions of eternal Woe

To heav'nly Light, with black intent, aspir'd ;
 How he to *Eden* wing'd his horrid Flight,
 And how polluted, with his unblest Feet,
 The sacred Soil ; nor with what hellish Arts,
 He cou'd deboch, and win the Heart of Man
 Pure, innocent as yet, and with the Love
 Of God repleat, to break his sole Command,
 The single Sanction, and the easie Chain,
 That bound him close to Happiness, and Life !
 Hells boasted Conquest, and permitted Wreaths,
 (Success to Hells Confusion only gain'd)
 As known, with speedy Course I will decline :
 Suffice it us to sing of things conceal'd
 Till now from all of mortal Race, and show
 That *Sathan* soon his disappointment found
 Short of his promis'd End, with maim'd Success,
 The Rage of Triumph o'er, his Conquest views
 Th' infernal Chief, views, and remits his Joy ;
 No more exults in Trophies won from Man :
 Who from this Foil to greater Glories rose
 Thro' Goodness, Infinite, and boundless Love.

For *Maker-Love* with one Offence untam'd,
 Exerting more its Energy, decreed
 That the offended for the Offence shou'd dye,
 And to Repentance promis'd Heav'n fet wide.

This heard the hellish Pow'rs, with dire Amaze,
 Scarce more confounded, when by *Michaels* Sword
 Driv'n headlong down from the celestial Plains
 Into the gloomy Depths of Hell profound.

This *Sathan* long, within his inmost Mind,
 With envious Pain revolving cou'd not bear.
 But to release these Cares a Council call'd
 To *Pandemonium* there to find out ways
 To keep, if not encrease, their Empire got
 O'er Man, that now uncertain seem'd, and small.

To Council came the haughty Peers of Hell,
 Of empty Titles proud and vain of Name,
 And for pernicious Skill in Mischief rais'd
 To Dignities and Place, and black Renown.
 And now in dark debate their Chief surround,
 Old *Mammon*, *Belial* lew'd, and *Belzebub*
 Projector boasted of the Fall of Man,

With

With *Moloch* homicide most closely join'd,
 Cunning with Violence in curst League,
 A Friendship most destructive to Mankind!
Dagon and *Peor*, with a Thousand more,
 Frequent and full th' infernal Senate fate.

When *Sathan* from his burning Throne arose,
 And thence, with Sorrow ill conceal'd, thus spoke.

O my Compeers! O! Brothers of the War,
 We wage, by common Vote, with Rival Man.
 Confed'rate Pow'rs! for what? For what Avail
 Are our unweary'd Stratagems and Toyls!
 Our Force, or Counsel? what have we obtain'd
 Through the long Tract of seventeen hundred Years
 But a precarious perishable Pow'r,
 If here we stop, and not to be maintain'd?

New to *Success*, we boasted once Mans Fall
 As promise sure of Empire, and command
 Entire, over all this favorite Race
 Of partial Heav'n. Like us offending, we
 Hop'd them, like us, the certain Lot of Hell.

Scarce were our Triumphs o're for that Success;
 The formidable Anger just pronounc'd,
 And Man, with All things, for his Sin, Accurs'd
 By Heav'n, but Heav'n relenting, swift to Love,
 Attones it self, and takes him to new Grace!
 And as that Favour were too small, allots,
 Allots Repentance for his future Crimes!
 Retrenchment strong! Impregnable Redoubt!
 To which, who in the latest Hour escapes,
 Renders our Arms, our Force, our Wiles all vain;
 Tis guarded round with the tremendous Hand
 Of Heav'ns high Pow'r, and all its Hostile Troops.

And still in *Man* of Goodness there are found
 No small Remains ; extinguish'd not by Sin,
 Tho pale, and dim, and of a sickly Hue,
 Not yet of Hell recover'd ; brave Desires,
 Friendly to Humane-kind, and ancient Love ;
 A thirsty Wish of an Immortal Name,
 Earnest of *Being* immortal after Death.
 These hated Seeds of *Good* in time may spread ,
 Th' Etherial Fire, from whence they all proceed,

Active

Active within, may purge the droffie Mass,
 That cloggs and cumbers now its rising Flames,
 And climb, with pointed Spires to Heav'n upright.
 Unmingl'd with our smouldring Sulphur, pure.
 This Ill to shun, and to destroy this Fort,
 Or Man far from his Succour to divide,
 Is now the Cause and Aim of your Debate
 Mature, and Wise. Ye Senators of Hell,
 Free be your Votes, be all your Reasons free,
 The common Cause demands a free Consult.

He said, and on his Throne again reclin'd.
 The whole *Divan* applaud their Monarch's Care
 Of publick Good, and with obsequious Bows
 Prostrate their Zeal avow. Forthwith they all
 Into Committees manifold divide.

Much time on *Ways* and *Means* in vain is spent;
 And each Projector of th'Infernal Realm,
 Is duly heard, but with no kind Result,
 Defective all they were, or so were thought.

Then *Belial*, Fiend of most pernicious Wit,
 To the attentive Audience thus begun.

Time

Time waste me now no more in vain Consult,
 On Projects dubious and uncertain hopes ;
 From Mans own Nature must we draw the Means
 O'er Man a lasting Empire to maintain.
 If we look backward, with a wise Survey,
 On the experienc'd Weaknesses of Man,
 Woman we find is their Luxuriant Source.
 For Man, *alone* impregnable remains
 With *Good* demonstrative, and Reason arm'd.
 But fortify'd to *us*, the goodly Fort
 To Woman naked, and unguarded lies,
 Fearless of Danger from that trusted Friend ;
 But through that trusted Friend the Fort we gain !
 By Reason ill defended, Woman yields
 An easie Conquest, half by Passion won ;
 Brib'd by her Eyes, and blinded by her Charms,
 To *us himself*, deluded Man, betrays.
 To all who've labour'd in this common Cause,
 And any Wreaths of Victory can boast,
 I now appeal, if you from Female Pride,

From

From Female Lusts, and Rage derive not most ?
 A ready Proof of this from *Eve* I draw,
 His *Help* design'd, she prov'd to *Man* his *Bane* !
 Tho' new to Life, the recent Work of Heav'n.

If Woman made by Heav'n's indr'ging Hand,
 And by Heav'n's animating Fires inform'd,
 Where yet the latent Seeds of Good remain,
 And into Action frequently emerge
 In spite of Passion, thus assist our Cause,
 What may we not from *kindred Woman* hope,
 Entirely made by amicable Pow'rs
 Of Hell combin'd ? If short of beauteous *Eve*
 In native Charms, with Art, and Cunning rais'd
 To equal Force, and Pow'r to damn Mankind ?
 With pompous Shows, and ceremonious Rites
 By her may Man be won from God to *Us* ;
 Exalted on our Altars then we'll stand,
 And Hell more VVorshippers obtain, than Heav'n !
 Thus to Repentance intercept the way
 And Man must be entirely then our own.

He said-----and all around Applauses loud

Confirm

Confirm the Project and to Mischief swift,
Strait to the bold Essay they all adjourn.

An hundred Years Experiments they trye,
And with enquiring Art they Man explore ;
His Organs stud' with their Form and Use.
Till perfect in the intricate Machine,
Hells dark Anatomists their VVork begin.

The Year was now in its decrepit Age,
And far remov'd, shot fable Rays the Sun ;
The VVinds contending glomerate a Storm,
And Iron Clouds deform the Face of Heav'n :
The naked Trees beneath the Tempest bend,
And Ocean rous'd his furious Surges rolls
Tumultuous, and begets whole floating Isles
Of slimy Foam, the Manufacture Foam
Sathan, and all his gloomy Train, collect,
And of this Spongy Mass their *Woman* form.

This is the *Venus* fabled by old Greece,
Sprung from the Froath of the revolving Tide,
A Goddess infamous of lawless Love.

VVith

With heedful Art the beauteous Frame they mold,
 Shape all her Limbs with Symmetry exact,
 Her Feet, her Legs, her Thighs, her Arms, her Hands;
 Her Fingers taper; round her rising Breasts;
 All o'er her Body delicate was seen
 Proportion charming; Harmony of Parts.
 Oval her Face, and Ebony her Hair,
 Her Eyes were shining Jet, the glittering Balls
 Enclos'd with pearly white, for Motion turn'd
 Voluble and piercing, and with Snares repleat.
 A fertile Source of never-failing Tears,
 Near these were plac'd, obsequious to her VVill
 To ebb and flow just her Arts require.
 Her Aquiline Nose, a cruel Pride denotes,
 A Thirst of boundless Sway, and Lust untam'd.
 Her swelling Lips ambrosial Dews distil,
 And, when with artful Grace dividing, show
 Teeth equal, small, than orient Pearls more bright.

Th' infernal Artists view'd with glad surprize
 The wonderful Result of all their Pains;
 VVith Joy the gloomy Sire surveys the Maid

Yet

Yet Lifeless Image, yet unripe her Charms ;
Pygmalion like her unripe Charms he view'd,
 With Joy ally'd too near to fond Desire,
 She like *Pygmalion's* Ivory Maid disclos'd
 Beauties enough to ruine half Mankind.

Helen, for whom contending Nations fought,
 Whose Eyes since set the Trojan Tow'rs on fire,
 Tho sprung from this, was never half so fair.

Vain of their Work, with impious Boasts they all
 Pronounce her Beauteous as the Heav'n-born *Eve*,
 VVith imitative Art too well indeed
 They drew the Body's Form, of Earthly Birth,
 The *Mind*, of Heav'nly Seed, long banish'd Heav'n,
 They cou'd not form, nor so to form desir'd.
 VVisdom, and Virtue, and Seraphick Love,
 The Heat that makes the Humane Soul aspire
 To Heav'n, and Heav'nly Deeds; is what they'd shun;
 From Hell they seek the animating Fire,
 And breath the blew Eruption in her Breast.
 This Motion gives, and imitated Life;
 Of Thoughts a narrow Circle, and confin'd

To

To what is Ill, but most averſe to Good.
 Her Soul (if I may call the curs'd Compound
 By that Celeſtial Name of Heav'nly make)
 Hells various Qualities obſcene compoſe.
 His cruel Nature *Moloch* firſt threw in,
Sathan falſe Pride; Voracious Avarice
Mamon ſupplies; and *Belial* raging Luſt,
Belzebub Cunning, and diſguiſing Arts,
 And with united Bounty all beſtow
 Hypocriſie, falſe Tears, Embraces falſe,
 Deſires ſtill prone, and of a downward Bent,
 And tending all to primogenial Hell;
 In Harlot-Arts, and Snares for heedleſs Men,
 Knowledge profound; as Languiſhments, and Smiles,
 Oaths falſe as numerous, and Perjuries
 As numerous too as her falſe Oaths and Vows.

Thus form'd, and thus endow'd, Hell adds freſh Arts,
 To pleaſe the Eye, and Man's fond Heart betray,
 New and bewitching Modes of Dreſs devis'd.
 She was the foremoſt, who, to look more fair,
 And to recruit the Fire of dying Love,

In

In Foreign Colours oft the Face disguis'd,
 She render'd new with Spots, familiar Charms,
 With Spots of Jett, that Stars and Moons exprest:
 She crisp'd, with vexing Irons, her flowing Hair,
 And, rang'd in Form, the Artful Curls compos'd,
 To several Stories built aloft her Head
 Of Cornets, Pinners, Passes, and Commodes,
 With waving Plumes, Ribbons of various Hue,
 That with the radiant *Iris* may contend.

In *Asia* (Parent Clime of Nations own'd)
 There is a Plain of infamous Renown,
 Where Men, with foolish, as aspiring Pride,
 Design'd their *Babel*, once, to mate the Skies,
 Above the Reach of any second Flood,
 (Still Mother of Confusion to Mankind,
 Division curs'd of Minds, as well as Tongues,
 Of Hate, and Slaughter, and the Wast of VVar)
Shinar 'twas call'd, a Defart vast and wild,
 By Man forsaken, now the Haunt of Beasts:
 Here *Nimrod* hunted oft with savage Joy,
 (That mighty Hunter stil'd before the Lord)

The foremost Prince, that ever wore a Crown,
 He first disdaining just paternal Sway,
 Usurpt despotic and invidious Pow'r.
 King was before an unoffending Name,
 A Fathers Right, and built on *Need*, and *Love*.
Nimrod was Proud, and Cunning, Rough, and Bold,
 Of Action eager, and averse to Ease,
 Inur'd to Blood, and practic'd to destroy.
 At Prime of Day still to the Chace he came,
 And all his Morning Hours were spent in Blood
 In Blood of Beasts of Prey he yet delights,
 Too soon to wanton in the Blood of Men.

Beneath the Brow of the Enormous Tow'r
 (Tow'r now no more but Hill of Ruins vast)
 Surrounded with a Forrest large and rude,
 There is a Grove, of melancholy Shade,
 That from the Mourner Eugh and Cypress falls.
 There only Birds of evil Omen Nest,
 Reptiles of noxious Kind, and Beasts resort
 Of fiercest Nature, and by Rapine fed,
 Whose Center opening in a spacious Round

A Theatre appears of dusky Green.

The Grass, that scarce the barren Surface hides,
A drye and tawny Colour ever wears.

This Hieroglyphic Place prepares the Fiend,
For *Nimrod's* Spoufals, and detested Joys.
By Magic Force the dismal Scenes withdraw,
And with a suddain Paradise surprize;
A vernal Face the horrid Grove assumes,
And all around the imitated Notes
Of warbling Birds transport the list'ning Ear;
The middle Space, its rusty Liv'ry cast,
In Springs dissembled Glories gayly shines
Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers, in beauteous Order set
(Such as the artful *London* wou'd design)
The Smell, the Taste, the Eye abuse with Joys
Imaginary, and fictitious Sweets.

Here Mazes serpentine delude the Sight;
There wide *Parterres*; here shady Walks arise;
There creeping Brooks through winding Channels
stray

With fancy'd purlings, raising murmuring Sounds,

Fantastick

Fantastick all, and unsubstantial prove,
Like her frail Joys, that since have fool'd the World!

His *Eden*, immitative of the first,
Of airy Particles condens'd thus made ;
He there beneath a seeming Myrtle plac'd
Upon a flowry Bed the fated Maid,
Fast by the tumbling of a lucid Stream,
That gentle Slumbers to perswade appear'd,
Her Head with fragrant Wreaths of Flourets crown'd
Supinely on her charming Hand reclind,
Bare was her Bosom, and one Thigh was bare,
As by the Winds, and Chance unrob'd, to show
The lovely turn'd Proportion of her Limbs.
Rich Bracelets twine her snowy Arms about,
Sandals her Feet, Buskins adorn her Leggs,
With Rubies, Pearls, and Diamonds powder'd o'er.
In this Array with native Beauties arm'd,
And all the strong Auxiliaries of Art,
Fully instructed in th' infernal Lore,
She *Nimrod*, in imagin'd Sleep, attends.
The looser Graces round her darken'd Eyes

Play wanton, mixt with frequent fleeting Smiles,
 Infidious Love lay ambush'd in her Smiles,
 And sped, with an unerring Hand, his Darts.

Brought by the Chace, and Errors of the Wood,
 His Train now lost, his devious Steps arrive
 This visionary Seat of Mischief real.

Amaz'd at what he saw, and heard, and smelt,
 His forward Steps with Awe he soon repress,
 The spicy Odours, that of *Eden* breath'd,
 Surprise his Smell with aromatic Scents ;
 The Sounds that warble from the vocal Grove
 Transport with intellectual Harmony
 Of the revolving Spheres, his ravish'd Ear ;
 The Mazes intricate of Greens, and Flowers,
 The mossy Beds, and Walks, and winding Streams,
 Greedy of View, his Eye enlarg'd o'refill,
 O'refill, and with Variety confound,
 While each the Business of the Sight demands.
 Distracted with the equal Pow'r of All,
 To All, with rapid Looks, he wanders round,
 He in repeated Circles wanders round,

Till

Till travell'd to the fated point he saw
 The destin'd Maid's inevitable Charms,
 And manifest of Love, there fixt his Eyes.
 Love fixt his Eyes, but wonder fixt his Feet,
 Till by Desire set free, they Wings assum'd
 That bore him swiftly to his lovely Prey.
 Awe, and Respect, that purer Love inspires,
 That looser Wishes and Attempts restrain;
 Her Beauties cast not venerably round,
 But raging Lust, and Impudence of Hope,
 And Violence, the grateful Refuge since
 Of the abandon'd Vices of the Fair.
 Not Fire in Stubble driving with the Wind
 Destruction spreads more swiftly through the Field,
 Than through his Blood the dire Infection ran,
 Fast by her side upon the flowry Bed
 He threw himself, and with a furious Spring
 His Arms her Body seiz'd, his Lips her Lips,
 Her Lips, Eyes, Cheeks, her Neck, and snowy Breast,
 With eager wandring Kisses he run o'er,
 But starting suddain from dissembled Sleep

A haughty Frown usurpt her pleasing Face,
 And from her Eyes, she shot a fierce Disdain,
 And Rage intollerable ; false her Rage,
 And Counterfeit, for Honour, her Disdain !
 Virtue and Honour were her loud Pretence,
 Ill acted Threats, and intermixt with Smiles ;
 For viewing now his Eyes and manly Grace,
 Smiles reassume her Face, and Rage subsides,
 His Looks the silent Love of Eyes conveying,
 Promise the pleasing Bus'ness of his Tongue,
 The pleasing Bus'ness of his Tongue he tells
 To the yet captiv'd, and yet struggling Maid,
 And for his Truth he vouch'd her conscious Charms
 Attesting all the shining Host of Heav'n.

A languishing Regard at length she cast,
 And with consenting Eyes confest her Flame.
 With wanton Looks they blow the glowing Fire,
 In both Desire in wanton Looks was own'd ;
 In strict Embraces he the Nymph constrain'd,
 A Storm of Kisses wreck her doubtful Words,

Denials

Denials faint and unavailing Rage.

Quick heav'd her Breast; in Pleasure roll'd her Eyes,
 Yet do her Hands a false Resistance make ;
 Her Hands resist him, but her Eyes invite ;
 In murmuring Sounds (not to be heard design'd)
 In dubious Pray'rs sh' adjures him to give o'er ;
 The less she strives, the more he presses on,
 Till he dissolving in her twining Arms,
 Artful Disguise by Pleasure thrown aside,
 She to her panting Bosom prest him close,
 And own'd the Justice of the obliging Force.
 A grateful Pause they make while both respire,
 The Flame with pleasing Fewel to renew,
 And with fresh Vigour to recruit Desire,
 Youth and Desire, with Force suffice their Joys,
 Their Joys, by frequent Inrervals encreas'd. *

Their Wedding thus profanely was perform'd,
 No holy Priest to bless the Nuptial Bed,
 No holy Rites to consecrate their Love,
 With Heav'n averse was ty'd the nuptial Band,
 And Hell exulting gave the fatal Bride.

Nature's agast at their detested Bliss,
 Retir'd the Sun, with Thunder roll'd the Skies,
 Herbs, Flow'rs and Trees their Horror too confess,
 And droop the various Honours of their Heads.
 With artificial Day was he supply'd,
 And lost in Pleasure felt not Natures Pangs.

The Fury of their Transports now allay'd,
 Thus with a soft preluding Sigh she spoke,
 And Eyes that quivering dwelt upon his Face.

Be not too vain of what you here have won,
 I gave you Joys, but gave 'em you constrain'd!
 Constrain'd by Love, and your superiour Force,
 (Tho' Love perhaps was stronger than your Arms)
 Yet to attone that Force but constant prove,
 And you no day discolour'd with Annoy
 Shall see, but each with glad Success be crown'd.
 But my self-conscious worth assures me this,
 For in my Arms are ever new the Joys,

And

And Joys untasted yet by any Man, but you.
 Nor think a Dowerless Love to thee I give,
 I bring the Royal *Craft* to raise thy Name.

You haunt the Groves, and hunt the Wood-
 land Green,

And waste your Youth the Spoils of Beasts among ;
 I'll crown your Head with Wreaths of nobler Name,
 Of Man the Hunter, from the goodly Chace
 The Spoils of Nations, on thy graceful Brow,
 In Triumph thou shalt bring into my Arms.
 A private Lord unhonour'd yet thou art,
 I'll raise thee to Dominion unexplor'd,
 Bold, independent, free from all Controul,
 Thy Will its Standard, and thy Will its Bounds ;
 All as their Source shall view thee and their End.
 And Kings till now a dull precarious Pow'r,
 In thee shall with unwonted Glory shine.

With Words like these, and Arts till then un-
 known

Of

Of Smiles and Tears alternate, she betrays
 Th' aspiring *Nimrod* to inglorious Thrall,
 To others Tyrant, but to her a Slave.
 Unbred to Spinning, and the Household Lore,
 Women, since her, invade sublimer Cares,
 The Arts of Government, and Toils of War,
 And over Man usurp unequal Sway.
 Woman by Heav'n for humble Aims design'd,
 At most to sooth the ruff'd Soul of Man
 With all the tender Offices of Love,
 When he from awful Cares to Toys descends.

By her false Charms, and Lust of Empire won,
 His Father's God he left, to Idols bow'd,
 With Ceremonious Poms, and Rites profane,
 Surpriz'd the thoughtless People into Guilt
 Of wild Idolatry, by that means sure
 Of a Tyrannick, Arbitrary Sway ;
 For well they might submit with slavish Fear,
 To him, from whom Religion they derive.

The Arts proud *Nimrod* learnt from his new
Bride,

Were Arts since well in Courts, and Cities known
False Promises, and Friendship false profess'd,
And undermining Cunning, Lies, and Vows
Of Services ne're meant, for selfish Ends ;
Oppression, Bribery, and useful Vice ;
The Masque of Virtue to secure a Crime,
Else not to be attempted with Success ;
Neglect of Merit, and all Tyes of Blood ;
All Sense of Honour and Ingratitude ;
A Love of Fools, and yet more useful Knaves ;
Murders, and Poysons, variously contriv'd,
Some with the Face of Law, and private some
An inward Bent in all things to himself,

By these vile Arts Despotic Sway he gain'd,
And Paradise, and Liberty, and Heav'n,
By Woman's Malice thus or Frailty lost,

Soon

Soon false to *Nimrod* was th' infernal Dame,
 More to corrupt, and few her Snares escape,
 That can be won by Lust, or flatt'ring Hope.

From hence sprung All, that in false Arts delight
 In Murders, Rapine, Lies, and Perjuries,
 In Treasons, Cheats, the Labarinth obscure
 Of hateful Cunning, and sinister Wiles,
 Extortion, and Oppression of the Poor.
 Hence too sprung Sharpers, Usurers, and Bawds,
 Informers, Pettyfoggers, Knights o'th' Post,
 Rakes, Gamesters, Bulleys, Pimps, and Venal Whores
 Jilts, and Coquets, Fops, Ignorants, and Fools,
 Knaves of all Kinds, religious, and profane ;
 The Hypocrite, as well as Rogue profess'd :
 Those, that their Trust betray, unfaithful Friends,
 Th' abstemious Miser, and Glutton prodigal,
 With false Devotes, and Atheists reasonless ;
 Lords without Virtue, Knowledge, or Deserts ;

Swell'd with the Pride of Titles, and of Blood,
 To Honour sloathful, negligent of Arts,
 And infamously pleas'd to be unknown ;
 To Wine, or Whores, or Gold, or Game confin'd;
 The Burden of the State, and People's Shame :
 Lawyers that plead, Divines that Preach for Gold
 In Cause unjust ; the Judge that's brib'd by Gold ;
 Defamers, Libellers, and Flatterers ;
 Tyrants, and all their Engines to destroy ;
 With all the Dusky Train of Foes to Truth:
 The *Gracchi*, *Catiline*, and *Cæsar* too,
Sylla, and *Cromwel*, and that horrid Band
 Of late Assassines, and what more may come ;
 All the Embroilers of their Country's Peace ;
 All that it's ancient Rights by Force destroy,
 Or else for Gold betray, or sell, or buy ;
 Be it to Foreign, or Domestick Foe ;
 That rob the Publick with unhallow'd Hands,
 All these from her Infernal Womb descend,
 And in your Heav'nly Form belye their Hell.

Yet

Yet will their Deeds their Origin confess,
 Self-Love, and Lust of Gold their Source betray.
 They at Immortal Fame, as Folly laugh,
 At just Ambition of Heroick Deeds,
 At Heav'n, and Honour, as the idle Dreams
 Of feigning Poets, and designing Priests:
 Nor ever will they deviate into Good,
 But to effect some more enormous Ill.

Her cursed Race increase, and mingling with
 The Sons of God beget a Motly Kind,
 In whom some Particles of Heav'n remain,
 But much debas'd with the Alloy of Hell,
 A Medley here of Vice and Virtue's foun'd,
 Yet still superiour Vice maintains the Sway ;
 To Good they struggle upward, and with Pain,
 But with Alacrity sink down to Ill.

But from the true and genuine Race of Heav'n,
 Spring Heroes ; and benificent to Man
 Patriots and Poets, extensive Souls,
 Founders of Cities, and their wholsom Laws,

Of Arts Inventors, and of moral Rules
 The Teachers awful, Poets all of yore,
 Who taught the infant World in heav'nly Song.
 Who for their Country fight, and for her dye;
 Protectors and Encouragers of Arts,
 The Muses Patrons; Judges just and wise,
 Kings who their Countrey's Fathers are allow'd;
Codrus, Lycurgus, Cocles and Camillus,
 The *Decii, Curtius, Scipio, and Timoleon,*
Demosthenes, and *Socrates* divine.
Tully, and *Cato, Brutus* first and last.
Mæcenat, Richelieu, and those large of Soul,
 Who Merit know, and Merit dare reward.
Euripides, and *Virgil, Dryden, Garth,*
 Athenian *Sophocles,* the British Bard,
 Whose song above the *Aonian* Mountain soars:
Homer, and *Horace, Tasso, and Racine,*
Shakespear, and *Otway, Spencer, Denham, Donn,*
 And various more, not nam'd, to Fame ally'd
 Of Ancient Bards, and Poets yet unknown

Their

**Their Countries Honour, and their Countries Friends
Long is the Train of the immortal Fair
That fill, or soon will fill the Rolls of Fame,
Where British Ladies hold the foremost Rank.**

**Thus sung the Muse, and took her sudden Flight
Aloft, incumbent on bright Clouds of Light ;
I walk'd, and vanish'd the transporting Sight.**

On Friendship. By Erato.

Friendship, the great Pursuit of noble Minds;
 Passion in Abstract, void of all Designs!
 Each generous Pen does celebrate thy Fame,
 And yet I fear thou'rt nothing but a Name.
 Some Pregnant Fancy in a raptur'd Height
 Produc'd this mighty notional Delight.
 The Muses Chymic Boast, that can alone
 Make the dull leaden Fate a Golden Form put on.
 'Tis fancy'd well---- And this I dare engage,
 Were all Men Friends, 'twou'd be a golden Age.
 But tell me where this *Extract* can be found?
 And what Ingredients make the rich Compound?
 Or in what Soul, is that true kindly Heat,
 That can this great Experiment compleat?
 Sometimes a fond good Nature lights upon
 A soft and civil Temper like its own.

Strait they resolve to be those happy Things,
 Which, when combin'd, pity contending Kings!
 Yet e're they reach the sublimated Joys,
 They're poorly lost in Treachery, or Toys.
 The mighty Notions of th' exalted Fate,
 Sink to a vulgar Commerce, or Debate.
 Sure, like the Chymic Stone, it was design'd
 But to employ the curious searching Mind,
 In the Pursuit of what none e're shall find.
 In this I'm sure that they appear but one,
 Who trusts too much to either is undone.

O D E S
O F
A N A C R E O N.

Translated by Mr. -----

(1)
On his Lyre.

BRing my Lyre, and tune the Strings,
Fit to Sing of mighty things ;
Mighty things shall be my Song,
Love has bury'd it too long :
Now he wou'd my Fingers move,
Now he makes me play of Love :
Throw the treach'rous Strings away,
Others may my Notes obey ;
Bring me others, such as seem
Fit for some important Theam.

F 2

Bu

r

But in vain I call for new ;
 These, Alas ! are Rebels too :
 Love will still command my Lyre,
 What he pleases still inspire.
 Hence with *Herods* and with *Jove*,
 All my Songs must be of Love.

(3)

On Cupid.

WHen with Worth and Care oppress'd,
 All the World were gone to rest,
 T'other Night as I was laid,
 Sleeping sweetly on my Bed,
 Love stood knocking at my Door,
 And wou'd let me sleep no more.
 Who, cries I, so very late,
 Makes a Clutter at my Gate ?
 Rise, says Love, and let me in,
 Else the Rain will soke my Skin ;
 I'm a little Boy, and you
 Need not fear what I can do :
 In the Dark I lost my Way,
 And wou'd lodge with you till Day.
 Hearing this I struck a Light,
 Loath to leave him there all Night.
 The Door unlock'd, the Boy I spy'd,
 With shining Wings, and by his Side

A Bow and Quiver neatly hung,
 Much, methought for One so Young :
 I made a Fire, led him in,
 Warm'd his pretty Hands in mine ;
 From his Locks I press'd the Rain,
 Smooth'd and rub'd 'em dry again :
 Cherish'd thus, and warm, and dry,
 Come, says *Cupid* let me try
 If the Rain has spoilt my Bow,
 If the String is wet or no ;
 Bending it, he took a Dart,
 Let it fly, and pierc'd my Heart :
 Ah ! He cries, 'tis well I know,
 I have sav'd both String and Bow ;
 But he added with a Laugh
 Friend ! your Heart is not so safe.

(4)

Of Himself.

UNderneath a Myrtle Shade,
 On a Bank of Roses laid,
 Let me Drink and let me Play,
 Let me Revel all the Day,
 Love descending from his State,
 On my Festivals shall wait :
 Love among my Slaves shall shine,
 And attend to fill me Wine.

Swift as Chariot Wheels we fly
 To the Minute we must dye ;
 Then we moulder in an Urn,
 Then we shall to Dust return :
 Then in vain, you'll 'noint my Tomb
 With your Oils, and your Perfume :
 Rather let 'em now be mine ;
 Roses round my Temples Twine ;
 You, who love me now I Live,
 Give me what you have to give ;
 Let me now your Goodness see,
 Ere I shortly cease to be :
 Let *Elysium* be my Care,
 When the Gods shall send me there.

(9)

On a Dove.

Stay my pretty Dove, and tell
 Where you go, and where you dwell :
 Whence this Odour, this Perfume ?
 Whence does all this Sweetness come ?
 Whence this Sweetness which we meet,
 Like the Breath of Roses sweet ?
 Which you scatter every where,
 As you Travel thro' the Air.
 Why are you so fond to know,
 Where I dwell, or where I go ?

He

He to whom I now belong,
 Bought me for a little Song :
 For a Song the Queen of Love
 To *Anacreon* sold her Dove :
 All his Orders I obey,
 All his Letters I convey ;
 This is daily my Employ :
 Now he sends me to his Boy ;
 To his Boy, whose mighty Sway
 All the Universe obey :
 He this Minute, as you see,
 Sends *Bathyllus* this by me ;
 And has promis'd, when 'tis done,
 My Liberty shall be my own,
 But if he shou'd set me free,
 What's the Benefit to me ?
 What, alas ! can I receive
 By the Freedom he wou'd give ?
 By a Liberty to fly
 Where I please beneath the Skye ;
 Over Meadows, over Hills,
 Over Woods, and over Rills ;
 Sit on Trees, and when I Eat,
 Wander up and down for Meat.
 Rather let me never stray,
 I will rather choose to stay
 By my Master ; I am fed
 With his Wine, and with his Bread ;
 Of his own delicious Bowl,
 I can drink without Controul ;

Him I cover with my Wings,
 Dancing to him as he Sings.
 Thus we drink, and sing, and leap;
 Thus we play our selves asleep;
 Then to make me further blest,
 Sleeping on his Lyre I rest;
 Then I rest me on the Strings,
 Dream a thousand pretty things,
 Sweet as those *Anacreon* Sings. }
 Now thou dost my Business know, }
 Hence, O Man, and let me go;
 Thou mak'st me Chatter like a Crow. }

On a Swallow.

Pretty Swallow, no such hast,
 Tell me now I've caught you fast,
 Shall I, to revenge my Wrong,
 Pare your Wings, or clip your Tongue?
 Serv'd, like *Philomel*, before,
 You'll disturb my Dreams no more;
 Nor when I am often blest
 With the Sweets I relish best,
 With your Wings, or with your Voice,
 Wake me early from my Joys.

(13)
Of Himself.

A *TYS* once for *Cybel* burn'd,
 But his Love to Fury turn'd,
 To the *Phrygian* Hills he fled,
 Call'd on *Cybel*, and grew mad;
 Such they say, as tast the Springs,
 Only us'd for Holy Things,
 Which thro' *Claros* Valley run,
 Pure and sacred to the Sun,
 Loosing in a Minute, Sense;
 Rave, and Howl for their Offence:
 I with Oyntments, Love, and Wine
 Try to make their Fortune mine:
 I with Wine and Woman glad,
 Kifs, and Drink, and then am mad.

(15)
Of Himself.

W *H*Y shou'd I in Envy care
 Who does *Sardis* Scepter wear?
 Let the Mighty, Rich and Great,
 Live unenvy'd in their State,

'Tis

'Tis my only Care to know,
 Where the sweetest Roses grow;
 Where the richest Oyntment's fold,
 Oyntment richer than their Gold;
 'Tis my Care to live to Day,
 To be merry while I may;
 I this Minute will be glad,
 Sure that this is to be had:
 Those may for the Morrow thrive,
 Who are certain they shall Live.
 I will, while my Vigor stays,
 Spend my Time with Wine and Plays;
 E're Diseases shall declare,
 I, at last, have had my Share.

On his Muse.

YOU on *Thebes* your Muse employ,
 Others sing the Fate of *Troy*.
 Mine, another Theam prefers,
 Grievs as sensible as theirs;
 Such as Youth and Beauty move,
 Such as I have felt by Love:
 I, neglecting Martial Feats,
 Armies, Horse and Foot, and Fleets;
 Sing the Tumults that arise
 From the Force of Womens Eyes.

(17)

On a Silver Bowl.

TAke this Silver, *Vulcan*, shew
 What Immortal Art can do?
 Work it up, and let me see
 What a God can do for me:
 Warlike Figures you may spare,
 I have naught to do with War:
 Make a Bowl, and if you will,
 One that may be hard to fill:
 Make it very deep and broad,
 Boundless as becomes a God.
 Grave no *Pleides* or Carrs,
 What have I to do with Stars?
 Grave me on the Brim a Vine,
 Round it you may make it twine.
 Let the Grapes you make be guess'd,
 Ripe, and ready to be press'd;
 Loaden let the Vine appear,
 Grave me my *Bathyllus* there.
 There let Love and *Bacchus* stand,
 Each with Clusters in his Hand.

To

(22)

To Bathyllus.

COME, *Bathyllus*, to the Shade
 I for you and me have made ;
 Here the wanton *Zephirs* play
 In the fiercest Heats of Day.
 Cooling Breezes here you find,
 Here the Branches court the Wind,
 Which in gentle Whispers blows
 On the Leaves and on the Boughs ;
 Planted by a Fountain Side,
 Hear you see and hear it glide ;
 Here the Waters pure and sweet,
 Murmur softly at your Feet.
 Who that sees us here, my Boy,
 Charm'd with what we both enjoy,
 Wou'd not long to have the Shade
 I for you and me have made ?

(23)

On Gold.

Misers, say, can Gold prolong
 Life or Health, or keep me young?
 Say,

Say, can Gold such Wonders do ?
 Then I'll hoard as fast as you.
 If by Gold I cou'd remain
 Free from Death and free from Pain :
 But since Pain and Death arrive,
 Scorn the Treasures we can give ;
 Since no Bribes can make 'em stay,
 When they once are on their Way,
 Why shou'd we so idly save
 Gold and Riches for the Grave ?
 On my Mistress and my Friend
 I my little Store will spend ;
 Rather than with Labour find
 Gold, which I must leave behind.

On Death.

I Am born to dye, I know,
 And with other Men must go ;
 Be it when, or be it where,
 I wou'd fain be merry here :
 All the Days which yet are past,
 Flew away methought in haste ;
 What's to come I cannot tell,
 But I feign wou'd live 'em well.
 Hence with Thoughtfulness and Grief,
 Care can never bring Relief ;
 I may many Seasons pass
 With my Mistress and my Glas,

And

And as long as Death shall stay,
I'll do nothing else but play.

(30)

Love made a Captive.

Cupid once from *Venus* stray'd,
By the Muses Snares betray'd,
And was thus their Captive made. }
Then with fragrant Garlands crown'd,
And with Chains of Roses bound,
They secur'd, and led him where
He was left to Beauty's Care.
Venus for the Captive sought,
And his Freedom wou'd have bought ;
But his Mistress was so kind,
That he chose to be confin'd ;
With his Chains so well agreed,
Venus ne're cou'd get him freed.

(34)

To his Mistress.

MAdam, tho' my Hairs are grey,
Sure you need not run away :
You are blooming, fresh and fair
As the budding Roses are.

Join the Lilly to the Rose,
 Nothing more becoming shews.
 In the Garlands that we wear,
 'Tis the sweetest Mixture there.
 Try then, what in me and you
 Two such Colours now can do.

On the Spring.

SEE how lovely Spring comes in,
 Nature now looks rich and fine ;
 Look how gay the Garden shews,
 See the Graces in the Rose.
 Hark ! how soft the *Zephyrs* blow !
 Look, the Sea is quiet now ;
 And the Birds that wait for Spring,
 Glad to see it coming, Sing.
 Oh ! how bright the Sun appears,
 Melts the Clouds, and Nature cheers.
 Now the Swain surveys the Fields
 For the Herbs the Season yields.
 Now the Olive and the Vine
 Bud, and promise Meat and Wine.
 Under verdant Leaves we see
 Fruit that soon will load the Tree.

(40)

On Cupid.

IN a Garden t'other Day,
Love among the Flowers at play,
By a little Bee was stung,
That about the Roses hung.
Cupid never prick'd before,
Thought his Finger very sore :
Flying to his Mother's Lap,
Thus he told her his Mishap :
Help me Mother, help your Son,
I am wounded and undone ;
Something which they call a Bee
Stung my Finger as you see :
Quickly let a Salve be found,
For this little Serpent's Wound.
Ah, says *Venus*, if a Touch
From a Bee can do so much,
Guess, my Son, a Lover's Smart,
When your Arrows pierce his Heart.

An

*An ODE on Her Royal Highness's Birth-
day. By Mr. Oldmixon.*

(1)

A Gain the welcome Morn we sing,
The fairest of the beauteous Spring,
When Nature thro' these happy Isles
Puts on Gracious Looks and Smiles.
Th' Heav'ns in all their Pomp appear,
To bless the Favourite of the Year
And all things on this joyful Day
Wear the pleasant Face of *May*.

(2)

Behold, great Princess! at your Feet
The World to pay their Homage meet;
The tuneful Throng, inspir'd by you,
Again their yearly Task renew.

G

Oh!

Oh ! may this Theam continue long,
 The darling Subject of their Song ;
 May Fate in you preserve our Peace,
 And *England's* Hopes in your Encrease.

C H O R U S.

*Let Faction and Discord from hence be remov'd,
 None but Friends at their Blifs wou'd repine ;
 The Throne thus possess't, and its Heirs thus belov'd,
 Our Fears to our Foes we'll resign.
 Away with rude Murmurs, and politic Fears,
 All Folly or vile Affectation ;
 Our Loyalty most in our Service appears,
 In our Duty our Love to the Nation.*

(4)

Such Greatness and such Goodness joyn'd,
 So high and yet so just a Mind,
 Was ne're but in *Maria* seen ;
 Who only by her Vertue strove,

Come,

To win and to preserve our Love,
And merit e're she wou'd accept a Crown.

(5)

Come, ye *Britains*, come and know
What to bounteous Heav'n you owe:
What for you the Pow'rs have done,
How they have secur'd the Throne:
Vertue near it takes her Seat,
Vertue dwells among the Great;
Leave your Cities and your Plains,
See she in your Princess reigns;
Lovely as the purest Ray,
Of the first created Day.

(6)

Next the younger *William* view,
Future Wonders there behold,
Such as of the Third are told,
Fighting for the Faith and you.

(7)

Now your loud Applause declare,
Let Shouts of Triumph rend the Air:

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The

The Coxcomb's to the best Advantage plac'd,
 His Coach well gilded, and his Footmen lac'd;
 His Look is modish, Alamode his Mein,
 And only when he speaks the Fool is seen:
 He likes whatever with his Will agrees,
 And fears no Ill, because he none foresees:
 Nor can his want of Wit disturb his Mind,
 Since 'tis a Want which he can never find.

S O N G.

I Lately vow'd, but 'twas in haste,
 That I no more wou'd Court
 The Joys which seem, when they are past,
 As dull as they are short.
 I oft to hate my Mistress swear,
 But soon my Weakness find;
 I make my Oaths, when she's severe;
 And break 'em, when she's kind.

G 3

S N G

S O N G. By Mr. Wolsley.

SA Y, Nymph Divine, for whom I burn,
In Absence is your Heart at Ease ?

Have you no Joy for his Return,
Whom nothing but your Sight can please ?

Who every Moment pines away,
And with a restless Passion dies,
If he but pass one tedious Day,
Unblest'd of those all-charming Eyes.

To serve you is my Care and Pride,
To please you all this World can give ;
Dead to all Human Things beside,
In that lov'd Breast alone I live.

You Night and Day my Thoughts employ,
You only my Desires can move ;
To have a Taste for meaner Joy,
Is an ungrateful Wrong to Love.

Dr. W--- to Dr. C-----

'TIS no hard Matter to Divine
 How I (who love a Whore and Wine,
 With all the studied Luxuries,
 Which *Lamb* or *Locket* can devise)
 Should have the Gout, and Pennance do
 With Foot on Chair, in Velvet Shooe ;
 But that you who're predicamental-
 Ly sober, and near transcendental ;
 Who ne're was known to be a Glutton,
 Beyond a penny Chop of Mutton ;
 Who knows not what Sixth Sense or Whore is,
 But *Goody* is your only *Chloris*.
 That such a one could have Intestine,
 Saline and Acid Toe infesting ;
 Is strange to me, and as obscure
 A Riddle almost, as the Cure.

The Learned *Sydenham* does not doubt
 But profound Thoughts will bring the Gout ;
 And that with Bum on Couch we lie,
 Because our Reason soars so high.
 As Cannons when they mount vast Pitches,
 Are tumbled back upon their Britches.

Sir, I am apt to think in you,
 That this Hypothesis is true :
 For your investigating Skull 's
 So *Hoti* and *Dihoti* full ;
 That hunting things through Common Places,
 You're lost in *Entelechian* Mazes.
 For as, when to an House we come,
 To know if any one's at Home,
 We knock ; so one must kick your Shin,
 Ere we can find your Soul's within.
 If you would have your Foot no more in
 Flannel, you must leave off poring ;
 Be blith and jolly still as a Grigg ;
 For this is the best Antipodagrigg.
 The Gout's enrag'd by Care and Sadness,
 But Oyl and Fat is what of Gladness.

Me-

*Melesinda's Misfortune, on the burning
her Smock.*

TIR'D with the Business of the Day,
Upon her Couch supinely lay
Fair *Melesinda*, void of Care,
No living Creature being near:
When straight a calm and gentle Sleep
Did o'er her drowsy Eye-lids creep.
Her Senses, thus by Fetters ty'd,
By nimble Fancy were supply'd ;
Her quick Imagination brought
The Ideas of her waking Thought.
She dream'd her self a new-made Bride,
In Bed by young *Philander's* Side ;
The Posset's eat, the Stocking's thrown,
And all the Company's withdrawn:
And now the blest'd *Elyzium*
Of all her wish'd-for Joys is come ;

Philander,

Philander, all dissolv'd in Charms,
 Lies raptur'd in her circling Arms.
 With panting Breasts, and swimming Eyes,
 She meets the visionary Joys :
 In all the amorous sports of Love,
 Which Height of Extasy cou'd move.
 But as she roving did advance
 Her trembling Legs (O dire Mischance !)
 The Couch being near the Fire's Side,
 She expanded them (alas !) too wide ;
 She expos'd her nethermost Attire
 Unto the Embraces of the Fire :
 So the chaste *Phenix* of the East,
 With fluttering fires her spicy Nest ;
 So *Semele*, embracing *Jove*,
 Burn'd both with Fire, and with Love.
 The Flames at first did trembling seize
 The dangling Hem of this lost Prize ;
 But, finding no Resistance higher
 (As 'tis their Nature to aspire)

Approach-

Approaching near the Seat of Bliss,
 Center of earthly Happiness,
 Which more of real Pleasure yields
 Than all the feign'd *Elyzian* Fields.
 But Ignorance must now excuse
 The Silence of my bashful Muse ;
 Her Modesty had ne're the Face
 To ascend above her Gartering Place :
 But, doubtless, 'twas a lovely Sight
 The Fire beheld by its own Light.
Ovid wish'd himself a Flea,
 That (so transform'd) he might survey
 His Love all o're, and uncontroll'd,
 Her every Grace and Charm behold :
 Had *Ovid's* Flea been there to Night
 I fear he had had small Delight,
 His Rival Flames had spoil'd his Bliss,
 And made him curse his Metamorphosis.
 At last, the Flames were grown so rude,
 They boldly every where intrude :

They

They soon recall'd the Lady's Sense,
 And chac'd the pleasing Vision thence.
 Soon as her Eyes recover'd Light,
 She strait beheld the dismal Sight ;
 Beheld her self the Blazing-Star,
 Or bright-tail'd Glow-worm, to appear.
 She had not Time to meditate
 Upon the Strangeness of her Fate ;
 But was confin'd to lay about,
 To beat the impious Fire out.
 The amorous Flames were loth to go,
 They kiss'd her Hand at every Blow ;
 And round her Ivory Fingers play,
 And seem'd as if the begg'd to stay.
 Vanquish'd at last, they did retire,
 And in a gloomy Smoke expire ;
 When, viewing of her half-burnt Smock,
 Thus to her self the sad Nymph spoke.
 " Is this the Effect of Dreams ? Is this
 " The Fruit of all my fancy'd Bliss ?

- " Misfortunes will, I see, betide,
 " When Maidens throw their Legs too wide;
 " Had I but kept my Legs across,
 " I and my Smock had had no Loss.
 " I ought, I'm sure, to have took more heed,
 " For ne're had Virgin greater need;
 " My kindness, and my little Care,
 " Have left me scarce a Smock to wear.
 " Some have been beg'd, some have been burn'd,
 " All are to Clouts or Tinder turn'd.
 " Two Smocks last Night the Flames surpriz'd,
 " And in the Flasket sacrific'd;
 " Others I did on Friends bestow,
 " Not dreaming I shou'd want 'em now:
 " But I cou'd bear the Loss of them,
 " Had not the Fire disturb'd my Dream.
 " There is a Saying frights me too,
 " But Heaven forbid it shou'd be true,
 " That when a Virgin burns her Train,
 " She all her Life Time must remain.

- " I dare not be of this Belief,
 " For, shou'd I, I shou'd dye with Grief,
 " Live always here a Nun-like Life,
 " And never, never be a Wife ;
 " Never enjoy a Marriage-Bed,
 " Nor lose a hated Maiden-head.
 " Ah, cruel Flames! you're too unkind
 " To bring these Fancies to my Mind !
 " Down down, into your Native Hell,
 " In your own blazing Regions dwell ;
 " Trouble me no more, let me possess
 " My Linnen, or my Dream, in Peace.

Thus the poor Nymph bewail'd her treacherous Luck,
 At once to lose so good a Dream, and Smock.

*The MOON ; or, the Cure of
Jealousie. A Vision.*

A Great many Disputes have been about Visions and Dreams, some attributing them to a Natural Cause, others to some Supernatural Inspiration. I shall not give my self the Trouble to examine which is in the Right, but only tell you one that I had some Nights since, and you to judge of its Cause by the Matter.

You must therefore know that I am an Old Man, and have play'd the Fool so far as to marry a young Wife : I love my Books and Retirement, she Noise and the Town. All the Places of Resort of the Young and the Gay, found her a constant Visiter ; the Park, the Play, the Lady ----'s Visiting-day, St. James's Church, and ev'n *May Fair*, she haunted with all the Pleasure of a thoughtless loose Girl, that never troubled her self with what the World said of her, provided she had her Will. I was a long time willing to imagine it only a Coquet Humour in her, and that her Affectation of Company and Admirers was only to satisfy her
Pride

Pride and Vanity ; and that her Honour suffer'd not in Fact, however it might in the Opinion of the Nicer Sort : But I at last remember'd that I was Old, she Young and Wanton, and found how little I was capable of giving her that Satisfaction her youthful Appetite naturally requir'd ; on this I was daily haunted with Apparitions of Horns, and the Infamy of a known Cuckold star'd me perpetually in the Face. This rous'd my Jealousie too much, not to oblige me to restrain my Wife's Liberties, till at last I made her a perfect Pris'ner. Liberty is naturally so sweet, that all our Attempts to recover it seem so reasonable, that few condemn 'em, tho' never so criminally attended ; for my Wife making one Day her Escape, went off with a young Lord, and was justify'd in her Elopement by all her Neighbours ; and tho' I was the Sufferer in my Reputation by it, all condemn'd me as the Cause by the severe Restraint I had put her under. What to do I knew not ; to force her back I thought to no purpose, unless I could tell any way to please her better than the young Gallant she had chosen ; for I assur'd my self I shou'd have her no longer, than the first Opportunity of a fresh Escape. To sue the Lord presented too many Difficulties in the Prosecution, and too great an Uncertainty in the Event,

Event. While therefore I lay one Night musing on these Affairs, I fell asleep, and had a Vision that seem'd sent me on purpose to put an End to my Concern, and place me once more in a state of Tranquility.

I thought I was conducted by an honest Neighbour of my Acquaintance, and remarkable for a contented Cuckold, up thro' the Air to the Moon, where we were no sooner arriv'd, but stop'd at the Gate; I was like to've been turn'd back alone, which made me press hard for Admittance; and on my Neighbour's good Word, the Porter at last said. : Sir, you may thank your good Fortune that got you such a Companion, for the Jealous are never admitted into these Happy Fields. Surely, Sir, reply'd I, then you have no Wives here! Many, return'd the Porter; but the Husbands are pleas'd that they can gratifie their Friends at so cheap a Rate, where the Giver parts with nothing, and yet the Receiver gains. Truly, said I, there seems to be some Reason in what you say. Nay, they esteem a Child of their Friends begetting (pursu'd he) as much as a Child of their own; for Birth, and the manner of it, is here of no Account. Ah, Sir! said my Neighbour, who till then was silent, if it were so in our World, how many

H

titl'd

'till'd Usurers, honourable Fops, Reverend
 Blockheads, wou'd be forc'd to go a Foot,
 and resign their Posts and Equipage to
 thredbare Merit? Here we admit (assum'd
 the Porter) neither the Jealous, nor the
 Usurer, the Lawyer, nor the Divine; for
 none enter without the Pass of a Public Spi-
 rit, which is rarely found in any, and never
 in some of them. What *Ariosto* told you of
 this Place, is true; for here is all that is
 lost in your World; that is, all your Virtues,
 none of your Vices, all your Wisdom, none
 of your Follies, a Prospect of which indeed
 affords us a pleasant ridiculous Entertainment,
 at our idle laughing Hours. Nay, you must
 then (interrupted I) have much the Advan-
 tage of us, for, for want of Wisdom, we're
 unhappy; and that often by Choice. Hence
 (push'd he, without taking Notice of what
 I said) we have a view at once of the Vari-
 ety of the Surface of your World, and the
 Diversity of its Inhabitants; all buisy, and
 active, but few that move by Reason. Here
 thro' Tempests sails the Merchant in pursuit
 of shining Dirt, and a superfluity that Happi-
 ness and Nature don't require. There in
 more terrible Storms of Fire they're fighting
 for petty Towns, Kingdoms, and empty Ti-
 tles. There Divines in a War almost as Noi-
 sie, quarrelling about Words and Shadows,

while

while they lose the Substance. Here the Litigious chase Poverty only, that they may disturb and ruin another. Here we see Forests full of Wild Beasts, there Gardens and Groves, and Towns replenish'd with Women as voracious. Here Knaves and Fools in Gold and Purple, there Men of Wit and Honesty in Rags : Here Priests, there Pimps ; here Lawyers, there Robbers ; here Judges, there Parasites. The Prospect is indeed, said I, very agreeable. Nay, continued he, we see here the most secret Actions of Mankind, which they think none know but themselves. The Adulteries, Incests, Murders, Treacheries, Rapines, Perjuries, Fears, Jealousies, Hopes, Tricking Designs, false Promises, Cabals, Briberies, and Factions of Courts, and all the ridiculous Follies and Vices of the Great. These are indeed, said I, very agreeable to survey when one is secure from their reach, as the Prospect of a Storm at Sea from the Shoar. Here, pursued he, we see the Judge taking Bribes in his Chamber, to sell Justice on the Bench ; Lawyers taking double Fees, to do neither side good ; the precise Hypocrite imposing on his credulous Friend ; the grave Divine deboching in a Bawdy-house, the Popular Man making private Sale of the Publick Good, the old formal Statesman unbosoming his Politick Se-

crets to a buxom young Harlot : The *French* intreaguing and buying Towns, Cities, and Countries ; the *Dutch* Trading and Unanimous ; the *Germans* Fighting and Drinking ; the *English* Whoring and Grumbling ; the *Spaniard* sleeping ; and so on with little Variety thro' the rest of the Nations of the Earth. But the Praying Part of the World is most ridiculous. As how, Sir, said my Neighbour, who was a very Religious Man, and something scandaliz'd at the Reflection.

Here (pursued the Porter) they are Praying for fair Weather, there for Rain ; here for Riches, there for Revenge ; here for the Death of Fathers, Husband and Wives, here for the Concealment of Murders, Cheats, Robberies, Briberies, &c. there for Kingdoms, there for a Meals Meat ; and so on as Passion and Interest prompt them ; very few are pious , tho' the Churches are so throng'd.

But pray, Sir, said I, what are the Treasures you have got here, that have been lost in our World. The Poet's Modesty and love of one another, reply'd he ; the Wise good Nature and Philosophy ; the Clergy's Humility, Hospitality, and Compassion ; the Courtiers Sincerity, the Statesman's Love of the Publick, the Lawyer's Integrity, the Soldier's Honour and Temperance, the Trader's Honesty



Honesty, and their Wives Chastity ; Lover's Vows, Womens Constancy and true Faces ; the Nobility's Generosity, and the Peoples Stability. In short, Sir, this Country is govern'd by Love and Reason, and the Court compos'd of Honesty, Honour, Generosity, and Pity. The Queen is Beauty attended by Friendship, Good Nature, and Wit ; so that if you have any Desire of entering here, you must leave Jealousie behind you ; for 'tis so offensive to *Beauty* and *Love*, our King and Queen, that 'tis as much as my Place is worth to let you pass. Really, reply'd I, to enjoy such Company, I cou'd quit any thing, especially so troublesome a Companion, whose Absence only can make one easie. You consider rightly, reply'd my Neighbour: To be concern'd at what Favours our Wives bestow, is to be angry at the Variety of the Weather, or that it rains on one piece of Ground, and not on another ; that the Sun shines to Day, and the Clouds hide it to Morrow ; Nature so has ordain'd it, and Women will be Women, in spite of all our Anxieties ; and as long as what they do is within their natural Bent, 'tis a Folly to make my self uneasie about the matter. Well, reply'd I, upon due Consideration, I think you are in the right, and from this moment I abdicate this old trou-

troublesom Companion Jealousie, and will now venture forward with you in this Region of Happiness. Hold (said the Porter) yet I find some dim Specks in your Mind, and before I admit you, you must travel down to Hell, that may perfect your Cure, and then I may venture to let you pass. I was struck with Horror at the mention of Hell, I saw no Return from thence; and my Concern was so visible, that the Porter perceiv'd it; and he therefore bid me not fear, for tho' we had odd Notions of that Place, I might return when I pleas'd, if I did not like the Country; for 'twas only those Souls who were sordid in their Nature, and who, like Swine, delighted in the Filth, that stay'd there any long time. Heartn'd with this Assurance, I turn'd of the left Hand, and made a very short Cut to Hell; for *facilis discensus Averni*: At the Entrance of Hell I found the *Limbo* of *Vanity*, in which was the Pride of Women, Philosophers, Church-men, Devotes, and Poets; the Modesty of Men of Sense, and the Impudence of Fools, the Hopes of Projectors, Lovers, and Conquerors; the doating Love of old Men and old Women, the Credulity and Foppery of the Superstitious, the Revenge of the Angry and Litigious, the Anxieties and Cares of the Jealous, the Penury

ry of Usurets, and their Sons Prodigality, the artificial Beauties of the Women, and the forc'd affected Wits of the Men. This Company was indeed extreamly Phantastical, for they appear'd in their genuine Colours, without the Gloss of Prejudice, Custom, or Passion to make them familiar ; but yet I saw nothing so terrible as I expected ; I therefore ask'd the first Devil I met, Where was the Place of Punishment, the fiery Floods of *Acheron*, *Ixion's Wheel*, and the other Torments the Poets have assur'd us were in Hell. The Devil told me, those were but the Chymera's of mad Poets, but they had Punishments more adapted to the manner of the Offences: For here, said he, the Cunning Deceiver is Credulous, and always cheated ; the Usurer forc'd to borrow at 50 *l. per cent*, the Lawyer becomes a Client in a Chancery Suit, Court-Favourites depending Suiters, the Sharper a perpetual Buble, with an Inclination to sharpening ; the Libertines are forc'd to marry, drink ill Wine, and go to Church Three times a Day ; the Poets and Wits are oblig'd to hear all the mortifying Things their Friends and Acquaintance say of them behind their Backs: The Beau's damn'd to Dirty Linnen and Tatter'd Cloaths: The Rake to Sobriety, and Temperance: The Bookseller becomes a hackney Author ; and

the Author a meer courteous Reader of other Men's Writings : The old Women are damn'd to view themselves without Paint, and the young to have the Address of none but the Old and the Impotent : The Judge becomes a Pettyfogger, the Physician a sickly Patient, the Lord a Lackey, and the King a Beggar ; Captains and Generals Black-guard-boys and Powder-Monkeys : The gay Coquet cries Kitchin-stuff ; the Nobleman's dull Poetry remains, but the Support of his Vanity and Flatteries, his Quality and Estate, is gone ; so that he writes Grubstreet Ditties for his Bread, and repeats them to Porters, Cobblers, and Draymen, for his Pleasure ; for he wou'd still be flatter'd. I cou'd not but very much applaud the admirable Justice of that Place, and presently I saw a Company of ill-look'd tatter'd Fellows, with a blind Fidler passing along ; this gave me the Curiosity to enquire who they were ? The Devil told me, they were *Alexander, Cæsar, Pompey*, and several other Tyrants and Hunters of Men above. Alas ! said I, is this the End of all their Bustle ! This the Sum of all their Glory and Fame ! Yes, yes, reply'd the Devil, they are under a much different Character here. *Alexander* is a Frogg-catcher, *Cyrus* a Butcher, *Tarquin* a Bumbailiff, *Nero* a poor blind Fidler at Wakes and Fairs ;

Matchiavel

Matchiavil a Country Attorney. *Sylla*, *Cateline*, and other ambitious Rebels above, are Drudges here at the Oar, and Gally-Slaves to row the Devils of Quality, when they take the Air on the Water. *Helena's* a Bawd to Parsons Daughters and Chambermaids, and *Cleopatra* a Follower of the Camp. In short, things are here turn'd Topside Turvey, the great Men in your World became Slaves, and the Philosophers, Lords and Potentates. *Diogenes* a well-dress'd Beau of Quality, and *Epictetus* a Man of Pleasure, always in the Lady's Alcoves, talking of Love and News. Pray, Sir, said I, since I find Hell is but our World inverted, have you no Players here? Yes, reply'd the Devil; but the Men have Honour, and the Women Honesty; our Poets love one another, and our Devils of Quality encourage them more than the Parrots they teach: Our Scenes are not crouded with Beaux, nor our Pit with Whores; the Ladies come more to hear and see the Play, than to be seen; and all are silent, that they may not lose the Diversion or Instruction; for you must know, here are no young Coxcombs to disturb the Audience with Impertinence or Drunkenness. In the midst of this Discourse I saw a grave old Fellow dress'd in a Fool's Coat, and all the Boys after him, hooting and hollowing, and
 throwing

throwing Stones at him. I ask'd the meaning of that Confusion ; and the Devil told me, It was a jealous Man just arriv'd, and that such were always given for the Sport of the Mob of Hell. The very Sight of so despicable a Fate struck so vehemently upon me, that it wak'd me out of my Dream ; but the Impression is too strong to make me forget it : I have therefore resolv'd to send home for my Wife, and give her all the Liberty she'll take.

MAXIMS

MAXIMS

AND

REFLECTIONS.

1.

Bigottry is a Devotion form'd by the Passions of Mankind, and is Hood-wink'd by Fancy, beyond the Light of Religion to illuminate and guide, tho' 'tis often a Vice in a Man's Nature, and therefore easier found Fault with, than mended.

2.

Bawds deserve Death more, than any other Criminal ; for they are the Corruption of Families, and rob a Man not only of his Wives and Daughters Affections, but Virtue, Honour, and Reputation.

3.

Never disoblige a Bawd ; for the Corruption of the Times have made them so intimate with the Great, that they'll always have it in their Power to ruine you, if you have

have any Dependance on the Favour of the Town, or the Great Ones.

4.

Conversation no doubt polishes that imperfect Model of a Fine Gentleman, that Books but begin, and generally leave very rough and unfinished.

5.

How open does he lie to Censure, that gives himself the Liberty of censuring all others!

6.

The Conversation of the World always makes bold with the Absent.

7.

Fine Cloaths have a wonderful Charm with the Men and Women, and one had, as good be ugly, as ill-dress'd.

8.

The Constancy of a Man extends no farther, than Prosperity, as his Friendship reaches no farther, than Words and Self-Interest.

9.

Complements are but Civil sort of Abuses, which Custom obliges us to bear with, under the Title of Civility; a modish way of Lying, and most proper therefore, as most usual with Woman.

10.

The Curiosity of Woman damn'd us all; 'tis but just, therefore, it should be inseparable from

from the Sex as an Hereditary Punishment
of the first Transgression.

11.

'Tis usual to praise those, we seek a Favour
from, and that either thro' Flattery or Self-
opinion ; by the first we hope to win them
to a Grant of what we ask, and the latter in-
duces us to believe by their Kindness to us
they will shew their Understanding.

12.

Gold is so eloquent, that it seldom or ne-
ver fails with the Fair ; the whole Sex are
Danaes, they'll all spread their Laps for the
Golden Shower.

13.

A Habit of Virtue or Vice is more dura-
ble, and of more Force, than Precepts of
Right or Wrong.

14.

Anger is an ill Dissembler, but Hate a
worser.

15.

Interest is the general Bond of Love and
Friendship ; take away the Prospect of Ad-
vantage, and Amity soon grows cold.

16.

She that's Jealous must be a Scold.

17.

The Cause of Inconstancy in common
Love, is the Body, which being of so
changeable

changeable a Nature, 'tis impossible it shou'd retain any thing long, which has the least Dependence upon it; but the Soul, that is still the same, must still persevere in the Affection, it has once made Choice of.

18.

It discovers want of Judgment to be changeable in our Affections; and to imagine the absent Pleasure greater than the Present.

19.

The Force of Affectation draws a Veil over the Judgment, which else wou'd govern Fancy according to Sense, and Reason.

20.

Affectation of a Knowledge we have not, is very far spread; as if Men were asham'd to be thought what they are, and yet will not take Pains to be what they wou'd be thought.

21.

Affliction seldom mends our Lives; and most Men under it, are like Boys perpetually under the Rod, only harden'd by Severity. Besides Misfortunes throw one into a vicious Conversation, and that stops up all our Returns to Virtue.

22.

The Number is very small of those, that can give disinterest'd Advice, and vastly less of

of those, who will take it: Self-esteem is the Cause of the Last, and Self-Interest of the First.

23.

As 'tis Imprudence to follow blindly *Advice*, without examining it by Reason; so 'tis not Wisdom to accept immediately of a profer'd Kindness, because Self-Interest is so prevailing amongst us, that there are few in their Advice, and Services have not a regard to it, or are entirely free from Design.

24.

'Tis a vulgar Error to think, that Devotion Springs from Poverty with any more certainty, than Repentance from a Death-bed Sickness; the Pains and Necessities of the Fortune, and Distemper, leave the Mind too little at Ease for Works of that Nature.

25.

Diffimulation is grown so necessary, that he that knows not how to dissemble, knows not how to live.

26.

It very often happens that the Sons of Knaves are ruin'd by Knaves.

27.

A Lawyer that is a Knave, deserves Death more, than a Band of Robbers; for he prophanes the Sanctuary of the distress'd, and betrays the Liberties of the People.

28. Man

28.

Man generally seeks that with Uneasiness and Labour, which he quits with Ease, when once obtain'd, and that in Ambition as well as Love.

29.

Men as well as Women are most fond of Riches and Pleasure, when they are past using them.

30.

He that builds his Merit of Wit, Honesty, or Courage, on the Opinion of the World, may in reality be a Fool, Knave, or Coward.

31.

We are not pleas'd to be told of an Obligation by him, that oblig'd us, because it seem'd to lessen our Gratitude in returning it, by making that a Duty, which we would have thought the Effect of our Generosity.

32.

Philosophers are like Physicians, Giants in the Griets of others, but Pigmies in their own.

33.

The Panegyrics of the Clergy, as well, as of the Poets, are too often but Bribes for their own Advantage.

34.

When we set up for singularity, instead of flying from common Follies, we only add to their

their Number ; and while they wou'd be above the level of common Men, they prove only remarkable Coxcombs.

35.

We ought, if we wou'd not repent of our Actions to no purpose, never to let it be in any Mans Pow'r to betray our Interest.

36.

The modestest Man in the World is not such Proof against Vanity, as to entertain no favourable Opinion of himself on a publick Applause, as false as it generally is.

37.

The Soul is capable of greater Joys in the Imagination, than any Nature has provided for it in the Body.

38.

Vanity is so general, that it seems essential to our Nature ; and Men only differ in the manner of their Betraying it, not in the Possession of it.

39.

Every Vice and Folly has a Train of secret and necessary Punishments link'd to it.

40.

There are but few that pursue any Virtue for that Virtue's Sake, but for the Affinity it may seem to have to their prevailing, and favorite Folly or Vice.

41.

By consulting more our Passions, our Vices, or our Follies, than our Reason, in the Choice of our Friends and Favourites, we cherish a Snake in our Bosom, who will make use of the Benefit against the Benefactor.

42.

Wit consists no more in ridiculing the Clergy, and laughing at Religion, than Religion does in ill Nature, Censoriousness, a starch'd Face, a Gogle with the Eye at Church, and a Tone thro' the Nose.

43.

A great Woman-Hater was wont to say, How cou'd a Man of Sense doat on such a Trifle as a Woman, who, tho' she damn'd Mankind by tasting the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, can yet no-better distinguish betwixt them.

44.

The World judges by Appearance, therefore generally wrong.

45.

Wits are generally the most dangerous Company a Woman can keep, for their Vanity makes 'em brag of more than they obtain.

46.

Pride and Vanity make Women affect Addresses,

dressess, and Company brings them to a Volubility of Tongue, and Pertness of Discourse; and that passes for Wit in a Woman.

47.

When a Woman of Wit gives her self much Liberty, she seldom fails of losing her Honour, as well as Reputation.

48.

The Desire of being thought Wiser than another runs thro' our Kind; and when Ability is wanting, Affectation comes in to make the Vanity more visible, and the Folly more intollerable.

49.

If a Woman have a mind to a thing, she'll soon find a Reason to justify it, and Means to obtain it.

50.

A Woman that flights a Man for his Modesty, is generally won, and undone, by Impudence.

51.

Some Women that are very exorbitant and irregular in their Vices, are yet skilful enough to gratifie them.

52.

Absence is to Love, what Fasting is to the Body; a little may make it more Active and Brisk, but a long Abstinence will destroy

Nature, and hinder all its Operations. So short Separations, and seldom, may render Love more lively, and vigorous; but long and frequent, must bring a Consumption upon it.

53.

A great many Women make the Vices of their Youth inspire them with Scandal and Censure in their Old Age. For we often see a Woman, that no Man will tempt, turn Saint, and rail e'en at the innocent Freedoms of the Young.

54.

Many Men rashly accuse Providence, from a hasty and superficial view of Mankind; for those they envy are not so happy as they imagine; for when the Father, through a thousand Fatigues, has by Fraud and the Unquietness of Avarice, rak'd together an Estate, in the midst of Hopes and Fears, his Son squanders it away among Bullies, Whores, Bawds, and Sharpers. He in two or three Years often dissipates the Elucubrations of an Age, and as foolishly as the Father got it knavishly, the product of Oppression, in Claps, Poxes, and drunken Sickneses; and so the Father and the Son meet at the Devil several ways; this for getting an Estate ill, the other for spending it worse. Thus our Faults produce their own Punishments.

Small

55
Small Faults are Villanies, but an Excess makes them Virtues. Thus the Pad is hang'd for taking a Purse, and the Lawyer grows a Judge for robbing his Clients of whole Estates.

56.
Women are our perpetual Sin, and Punishment ; we spend our Health on them in our Youth, and our Money in our old Age.

57.
If we rise with Bodies, sure there must be corporeal Pleasures after the Resurrection ; for since the Organs are not now in vain, much less will they be so when perfect.

58.
The Difficulty is not so great to dye for a Friend, as to find a Friend that deserves we shou'd dye for him.

59.
The Vices of Princes and great Men raise more than their Virtues ; and so more Men are rais'd by their Vices than their Virtues.

60.
The Reason perhaps why Beasts are seldom or never barren, may be, because they are free in their Copulations.

61.
None keep worse Company (except Men of Quality) then Men of known Wit ; for
I_3 there

there are a sort of Coxcombs, that have but just Sense enough to desire to pass for Wits, that stick continually to them like Burrs, to make the Town think from their Company, that they are Men of Parts.

62.

The falsest Husband will not be contented to have his Wife false.

63.

In Love there's no forswearing any thing; for to swear never to see her or him we love, is by that very Oath to find out a pretence of being speedily forsworn, by making use of the first Opportunity of a Visit.

64.

Providence has furnish'd every Condition with a Refuge of Satisfaction; the present Possession of Riches, and Honours, atones to the Fool for want of Sense; and the Man of Wit and Sense, pleases himself that he is no Fool in Cloath of Gold. The Thredbare Author is content to reflect, that the Rich Miser dies in a short time, and that all his Honour and Glory is bury'd with him in the same Grave, while he outlives Ages, and is not forgot by his prodigal Heir before he is cold in his Grave; and so thro' other Conditions.

There

65

There are more ways than one of setting up for a Wit, Courage, Estate, or Impudence, join'd with a good Memory, will do't; Fight a Wit that will fight, and beat one that will not for denying your Wit, and I warrant few more will be guilty of such Works of Supererogation, as Plain Dealing without Pleasure or Profit.

66.

If Lovers suspect easily, they quit their Suspicions as easily.

67.

Coquets do all for Vanity not Esteem.

68.

A Passion without any Disturbance is too like Marriage. There must be Quarrels for the Pleasure of Reconcilements; there must be Difficulty for the Pleasure of overcoming them; there must be Mystery not to divide with any the Sweetness of a tender Commerce.

69.

Happiness is only in Opinion.

70.

Want is nothing but balk'd Desire.

71.

A Princes Whore shall be a Companion for the most Vertuous; but a poor Whore is neglected and shunn'd by the rest of the

Sex, like an Infection; so that it is the Wealth or Poverty that makes the Vice or Virtue.

72.

Our common Methods of Delays and Obstacles in our Approaches to the Fair and the Great, are only to heighten our Desires, and make the Difficulty promote our Industry.

73.

Love, like Faith, will never do alone; there must be Works in Marriage, as well as in Religion.

74.

Never make a Friend of a young Poet, after a little Success; for public Applause fills him so full of himself, that he has no Room for any Body else.

75.

Obligations with most Men are like Flowers sweet and grateful only when fresh; for with the ungrateful, they quickly fade and wither.

76.

The Curse of Poverty, is, that it deprives a Man of the Pow'r of getting out of it; 'tis like a Habit of Sin; for as this makes a Man surrender to every inviting Appearance of the darling Iniquity, so does that make us fall under every little unlucky Accident; and as the Divines tell us, that all our Endeavours

deavours are fruitless in the one without the help of Grace, so our Pains and Industry in t'other are seldom effectual, without the help of some generous Friend.

77.

If we shou'd with a cinical Eye, survey every thing, the Spleenatic Meditation might lead us to the quitting of Life it self; but since Nature has given us Appetites, and annex'd a Pleasure to their Gratifications, 'tis hard to find a real Evil in any Compliance with them, provided we do not exceed the Bounds set by Nature, that is, if we don't loose, or lessen the Pleasure she has join'd to it, by a too frequent Repetition; for the Prostitute receive no Pleasure, or that which is very weak, and that extreamly seldom. It has been objected, that if all that affords Pleasure be to be embrac'd, and that without Guilt, there wou'd be no such thing as Guilt in the World; for there is no voluntary Fact, which the Agent is not pleas'd with. I answer, That in Religion there are Maxims that are Catholic, or Universal, and others only Topical, and confin'd to certain Nations and Factions; of these the first are only obligatory, and establish'd by Nature; so in the Acts of the Body, and sensual Appetite, there are some which Nature has spread through all Mankind, and by their Catholic Reception

Reception prove her their Author ; and others the Effect only of particular Circumstances, and Occasions ; those are the Children of Love, these of Hate ; those afford a sincere Pleasure, which we wou'd always prolong ; these a turbulent Satisfaction, and what no Man wou'd desire shou'd continue for ever. For who wou'd Hate for ever, for the violent and ev'n painful Delight of Revenge ? But who wou'd not desire to Love for ever, and possess the perpetual Enjoyment of so agreeable and natural a Passion ?

78.

Great Men generally raise their own Servants from the lowest Post to the highest ; without regard to their Merit, to shew that they participate of the Blindness of that Fortune that made them great.

79.

Hypocrisie gilds over a Knave, and makes him current Coin ; like Silver Plates to Brass Money ; for every one wou'd scruple him, if he appear'd in this true Colours.

80.

Men are foolishly wise in providing for future Ease and Happiness by denying themselves the present.

81.

The Women tell us, they wou'd not sin if we did not tempt them ; and we answer them, that we shou'd not tempt them, if by
their

their Drefs and Conduct they did not invite us.

82.

Those that can't write themselves, extol the old Authors, and cavil at the new ; and those that do write, strive to lessen the Reputation of their Predecessors, to exalt their own.

83.

An indifferent Thing from a Man of Quality or Estate passes for a Wit ; like the common pert Talk of Children, because not expected from them.

84.

An Estate with a Wit goes a great way ; a Song or easie Lampoon sets him up ; and his Estate swells his Folly, by attracting the Flatteries of needy Men of Wit, who frequent him in Hopes of Generosity ; but that he looses in the Pride and Affectation their Praises produce.

85.

If you have a mind to spread a Scandal against a Woman, make use of a Woman ; for there Pride and Malice have their utmost Force.

86.

Reward's the Life of Service, as well as Virtue ; for the Grave Counsellor looks not on the Strength or Goodness of your Cause,
but

but the Goodness and number of your Guinea's ; and if your Purse be weak, 'tis to little purpose that your Cause is Right ; but let your Cause be bad, and your Purse good and you need never fear the Victory : And so thro' all Degrees.

87.

All Men love the Appearance of Virtue tho' very few are virtuous ; they love the Picture, better than the Life ; the Shadow, than the Substance ; and some perhaps might say, not without Reason ; since the Shadow enriches, while the Substance makes one poor.

88.

Your Noisie *Brave's* but a *Faux-Brave*, the Talker of Religion a Hypocrite, and the active pert Pretender but a meer Wou'd-be Wit.

89.

A Critic's the last Refuge of a Pretender to Wit.

90.

Tickle some Men in the Ear with Flattery, and like Sir *Bartlemew Coaks*, their Pockets are open to you.

91.

A Man shou'd never push the Glas too briskly round ; for Drinking is but keeping Time to the Consort of Conversation, and regulates

regulates the Harmony of good Company.

92.

'Tis not now how guilty; or how innocent you are; but how much, or how little Money you have.

93.

I'd never trust my Body to the Courtier's Mercy, or my Subsistence to the Clergy's Charity.

94.

I knew a Lady that us'd to say, That there was no Excuse for being constant to a Fool above a Month.

95.

What Man of Sense wou'd drudge, betray his Trust, and cheat for Forty Years together, to be a Judge at Fourscore.

96.

In spight of the real Merit of Wit, we find it seldom introduces a Man into the good Graces, or ev'n Company of the Great and the Fair, unless it be for a Laugh and away; never thought on, but when present; nor then for the Sake of the Man of Wit, but their own; for the Diversion he affords, not he, is regarded. But if you wou'd soon pass to the Great and the Fair, Play you find brings the Footman to the Board with the Queen; if you loose, you oblige with your Money; if you win, you command

command with your Fortune ; the Lord is
your Bubble, and the Lady what you please
to make her.

97.

Never repeat to a reciting Poet, for he's
for hearing no Verses but his own.

98.

Your most impertinent Fellows are your
Retailers of Wit, who deal about other
Men's Jest's out of Season.

99.

Most Women mean no more when they
say they love you, than most Men do when
they say they're your Humble Servant ; she
Jilts you with the next she meets, and he
rails at you to the next he meets of your
Acquaintance.

100.

Jealousie is a kind of *Camelion*, and lives
on Air ; for if you give it more substantial
Food you kill it, and Hate or Rage arises
from its Ashes.

101.

The Avaricious are only Slaves to their
Heirs, they tugg at the Oar of Usury, Ex-
tortion, and Circumvention, to furnish their
Children with Supplies for their Lewdness,
Profusion, and Follies.

102. Men

102.

Men fallſly value themſelves one Sciences that are of little Uſe to Mankind ; they'll waſt their Time in contemplating a petrify'd Cockle, and inquiring whether it was made an Inhabitant of the Mountains by the general Flood, and the like ; while at the ſame time they neither know Man, nor are ſollicitous of knowing him, but at a uſeleſs Diſtance ; and their Judgment's of him are like Children's, of the Figures and Forms of Clouds ; for Mankind walks in a Miſt, and cannot be clearly diſtinguiſh'd at a little Diſtance ; and you muſt keep cloſe to him by Converſation, or you abſolutely loſe ſight of him. So that the plodding Academic is but an Hypothetic Aſs, ignorant of the wiſeſt Precept, *Know thy ſelf*, which is only done by Converſation.

103.

Knaveſ have generally the greateſt Share of managing, if not making Laws ; as Fools have of forming Cuſtoms.

104.

We naturally covet what is not our due.

105.

To condemn nothing that we are guilty of our ſelves, is to loſe the Pleaſure of finding Fault with our Neighbours.

106.

'Tis more Pain to remedy some Evils than to bear them.

107.

Flattery of our Wit has the same Pow'r over us, as Flattery of her Face has over a Woman; it keeps that good Opinion of our selves, which is necessary to beget Assurance; and Assurance produces Success, both in Fortune and Love.

108.

Fortune maks more Fools than Nature.

109.

Who wou'd not look like a Fool for an Hour, or two, to enjoy a Pleasure of ten times that Duration?

110.

The Height of a Womans Industry is but to be capable of Ingenious Fooleries.

111.

A Fop's a Fool of Fortune's making, and that is ten times more intolerable than one of Nature's.

112.

Men worship the Fortune, not the Man.

113.

How vain is the Friendship of the Town, when a drunken Quarrel, a trifling Dispute, a Whore, or a pair of Dice, shall make the dearest

dearest protesting Friends cut one anothers
Throats ?

114.

There are few private Virtues, but Hypocrisie micmics to its own Advantage ; but no publick one, it can imitate without a publick Benefit.

115.

On Observation there is a greater Correspondence betwixt the Law-makers, and the Law-breakers, than at first one wou'd imagine ; and there is yet a nearer betwixt the Executor of the Laws, and the Offenders.

116.

A pretty Woman railing at Love, is like a Usurer railing at Extortion.

117.

Forswearing the Sight of ones Mistress, is a Temptation to see her.

118.

Love renders all things as they shou'd be, in the Person belov'd.

119.

No Man shou'd pretend to make Love, unless he has Reputation enough to give him Vanity, or Ignorance enough to give him Impudence.

K

Love

120.

Love, like Fortune, is not only blind it self, but it makes all blind that it favours.

121.

There are many Old Men, whose Lewdness of Mind survives that of their Bodies.

122.

We punish Poverty as if 'twas a Crime, and honour Wealth as if 'twere a Virtue.

123.

The Extream of over-valuing one's self is more pardonable than that of undervaluing.

124.

Tho' the Opinion of the World is generally false; yet 'tis more useful to obtain, than all the Excellence of hidden Virtues.

125.

The World's a Masquerade, where every one disguises himself in the most convenient Vizor, to conceal his Defects and Designs; and to guess at them with Probabilities, you shou'd guess by Contraries, *viz.* If you see the Vizor of Holiness, and Zeal, 'tis ten to one but it covers a Knave, a Swallower of Widows House, and Orphans Estates; and so on thro' the rest of our mistaken Disguises.

The

126.

The Muses, as well as other Ladies of Pleasure, breed troublesome Vermin; and those are City Wits, and Poetical Lords.

127.

Some Men take as much Pains to persuade the World, that they have Wit, as Bullies do, that they have Courage; and generally with the same Success; for they seldom deceive any one but themselves.

128.

A Woman seldom thinks her self too old to engage a Heart.

129.

'Tis pleasant in Ease to remember what we underwent in Pain.

130.

The Revenge of *Philozenus* the Poet was pleasant enough, who hearing a Company of Brick-makers repeating some of his Verses scurvily, broke their Bricks to pieces, telling them, that since they destroy'd his Works, he wou'd theirs. The same was done to a Potter in *Italy* by *Ariosto*, for his murdering some of his Stanza's.

131.

In *Japan*, the Noblemen only are learn'd, and that gives them something more of Reason in condemning the Company of those, that are not so, than our Noblemen, who have

little else to set them above the common Level, but a Piece of Parchment, or an Estate. In *China* too they have the same common Name for a learned Man and Nobleman, *Loytia*.

132.

Learning and Ignorance qualify'd with Virtue or Vice, seems a truer Distinction betwixt the Noble and Vulgar, than Birth or Titles; for Knowledge and Virtue is the Source of Excellence in God, the other are the Customary Follies of Men.

133.

Attorney General *Noy* made but a short Will in *Latin*, the Substance of it was, That besides a few Legacies that he bequeaths, he leaves his second Son a Hundred Marks a Year, and 500 *l.* in Money; *Enough*, says he, *to bring him up in his Father's Profession*: And so concludes thus, *Reliqua mea omnia primogenito meo Edwardo, dissipanda, nec melius unquam speravi, lego.*

134.

The Precise may rail at Pleasure as much as they please, yet I never knew any one that wou'd seek a Pain, unless it were productive of a greater Pleasure.

135.

There is generally a great Cry against Vice, and a Man shall seldom fall into Company, where

where he will not hear Particulars arraign'd of one or other ; but on Examination you'll find, that most Men condemn the Vice he is not, or cannot be guilty of himself. The Canting Holder-forth rails at the Pluralities of the Benefic'd Clergy. But why ? Because he can't have the same. The prodigal Cully rails at the Usurer, while he makes himself a Prey to Whores and Sharpers. The Penurious Saint rails at Dress and expensive Equipage , while he cheats his Neighbour without any Remorse : And so on thro' our several Vices and Follies.

136.

I will not deny, but that Criticks are very useful, but so are Executioners and Informers ; they can have no Man's Love ; for how can a Man heartily love the Man, whose Office 'tis to torture and execute Men's Reputation?

137.

There is nothing perhaps that is more generally mistaken than Benefits and Gratitude ; and the Pride and Vanity of the Benefactor often fixes the Brand of Ingratitude on an Impatience of Affronts, and an Uneasiness of suffering perpetual Usurpation for one Favour, and that but a slight one ; as if a Man was to be a Slave to their Humours all his Life, because once oblig'd to them ; but that

is paying Extortion for Favours, and the Bargain is too dear to be worth the purchasing.

138.

'Tis hard to find one, that a Man of Spirit wou'd be oblig'd to; for generally Men are as sordid in their Favours, as in their Interests; and remember the Oligation they have bestow'd, when they forget the Return that is made.

P R E-

PRECEPTS and MAXIMS
out of Theognis, Phocylides, Pythagoras, Solon, Simonides, Callimachus, and many other Greek Poets.

From Theognis.

Learn Wisdom; nor seek thou Riches,
 Honour, or Pow'r by base or unjust
 Deeds.

2.

Converse not with Evil Men, but with
 the Good; for from the Good you will
 learn what is Good, but in the Company
 and Conversation of the Wicked and De-
 generate, you will lose even those Perfecti-
 ons of Mind you already possess.

3.

No good Man ever ruin'd his Country,
 but when the Madness of the People have
 plac'd the Administration of Affairs in the
 Hands of Men proud of Command, and bent
 to their own private Gain; be sure that Na-

tion will not be long in Peace, tho' its present Tranquility be never so great.

4.
'Tis a Mark of an Ill Man, when he loves the Gain that comes to him at the Expence and Damage of the Public ; for hence rise Seditions and Civil Wars; nor will they ever be pleas'd with any Prince that is over them.

5.
There are Men that deceive one another, and turn the Absent still into Ridicule, without any regard to, or knowledge of the Rules of Good or Ill : Make no sincere Friendship with any of these on any Account whatever.

6.
Seem a Friend to all as far as Words will do ; but impart no Secret of Importance to any Man ; for you shall find there is no Trust to any Deeds of Evil Men ; for their Pleasure is Cunning, Over-reaching, Deceit, and Craftiness to that Degree, that they seem not Men.

7.
Never in any thing serious consult a Man of no Honour ; but rather spare no Pains to advise with a Man of Probity and Judgment.

8.
Tell not your Secret even to all your Friends ;

Friends ; for the number is extreamly small of those, that have Fidelity equal to their Professions

9.

In great Undertakings consult but a few, lest your Repentance and Grief shou'd exceed.

10.

No Treasure is equal to the Subject, that retains his Fidelity in the midst of the greatest Seditions.

11.

Few are Friends in Adversity, who have Courage and Soul enough to serve your bad as well as your good Fortune.

12.

The Modesty of the Tongue and Eye, with a Mind which the Love of Gain cannot wrest to any base Action, are very hard to be found in a multitude of Men.

13.

Love me not in empty Words without Meaning, while your Heart is unacquainted with the Civilities of the Tongue.

14.

Love me either with all thy Inclinations and Sincerity, or be an open profess'd Enemy.

15. But

15.

But he, that with a double Tongue would pretend to be a Friend, I had rather have my greatest Enemy.

16.

The Praise that is given to your Face is but a poor sacrifice to Flattery, if in your Absence it is destroy'd ; for he's but a wretched Friend, who has only a plausible Tongue, but a Mind unsincere.

17.

But grant me, ye Gods, a Friend that will bear with my Anger and my Frailties like a Brother.

18.

Let no Man be so foolish as to court the Love of an ill Man ; for what Advantage can arise from his Friendship ? For he'll neither help you out of your Misfortunes, nor let you share his Plenty.

19.

The Favours you bestow on the Dishonest and base, are a most vain Endeavour, not unlike Sowing Seed in the Sea ; for the Sea will return you no Harvest, nor the Dishonest any Favour or Thanks ; they have a Mind that is never satisfy'd ; and if in one thing you seem to mistake, or wander from their Desires, all your former Benefits are thrown away.

But

20.

But Men of Probity have a more perfect Enjoyment of the present Benefit, and their Gratitude is never lost in Forgetfulness.

21.

Enter into no Intimacy with the Degenerate ; for many are Friends for the Trencher and the Bottle, but few in serious Matters.

22.

There is nothing more difficult or more necessary than to discover a plausible Dissembler ; so nice is the Distinction betwixt Appearance and Reality, both in Man and Woman, that Experience alone can make it.

23.

Be not desirous of Pow'r, with only for Fortune.

24.

If we are disappointed in our Aims, and find Loss where we hope Gain, it proceeds not from us but the Gods, who are the Authors of both ; for we often design Good and meet with Evil ; and when we determine an Evil, a good springs out of our pernicious Counsels.

25.

No Man can have all those Events he desires, for we are narrowly circumscribed by Fate.

26.

Man is vain, tho' he knows nothing ;
while

while the Gods bring all things about according to their own Will and Pleasure.

27.

The Treacherous and Cruel cou'd never conceal their Impiety from Heav'n.

28.

All Virtues are comprehended in Justice, and all Men that are Just are Good.

29.

Heav'n has given Riches to the most profligate of Men, but Virtue is the Portion of Few.

30.

Be content rather with a little, than to grow wealthy by Injustice.

31.

Abundance begets Pride and Oppression, when an ill Man has Riches.

32.

Upbraid me not with Poverty ; for Jove holds the Balance of Fortune, which now falls one way, then another ; so that he that now abounds, soon after starves ; and the Slave becomes a Lord.

33.

Avoid the Vanity of Boasts and Insults, since you know not your own Fate.

34.

Every Man has his peculiar Grief, but no Man that the Sun beholds is happy.

35.

Pray to the Gods, whose Power is mighty; for there is neither good nor ill befalls Mankind but what the Gods Decree.

36.

Poverty breaks a Man of Merit more, than all things else, more, than Diseases or old Age.

37.

Poverty we shou'd fly from over the vast Seas thro' all the Rocks and Quickfands; for Poverty tames all Men, binds up their Tongues, and robs them of their Power of Words and Action.

38.

A Poor Man had better die, than live beneath the insupportable Burthen of grinding Poverty.

39.

Men are very curious in the Breed of their Dogs, and Horses; but if she bring a good Portion, an ill Wife, ~~or~~ the Daughter of an ill Man, is never refus'd; and no Woman refuses a rich Husband, without regard to his Virtue; and Riches with her are Merit.

40.

Riches have promiscuously mingled the good and bad, by wanting a Distinction in Marriages; and we need not therefore wonder at the Corruption and Degeneracy of
the

the Age, since the Good and Bad are by many thus confounded together.

41.

Short is the Enjoyment of Ill-got-Wealth; long that which Justice has secur'd us; for, in spite of their easie Prospect, a suddain Fall is at Hand; for the Divine Pow'r is above them.

42.

This few Men consider; and many Men, tho' they find not their Revenge and Punishment themselves, entail their Evils on their Children.

34.

To drink too much Wine is ill; but to drink it moderately, is good.

44.

You must imitate the Tarand, that changes its Colour with every Plant that it approaches; and you must learn that Wisdom of Manners to adopt them to the several Inclinations of the Friends, you converse with.

45.

In our Thirst of Riches we have no bound; for how much soever we possess, we are still for doubling of it.

46.

That which is most Just, is most excellent. Health is the greatest good, and to obtain what we desire, the most pleasing thing that can happen.

37. 'Tis

47.

'Tis the greatest Pain in the World for a talkative Man to hold his Tongue; and 'tis no less Pain to those that hear him, if he talk.

48.

A talkative Man is never a Friend.

49.

In Conversation be prudent, and forget whatever is said there.

50.

Many Rich Men are wicked, but the Good are Poor; yet will I not exchange my Virtue for their Wealth; for Virtue is constant and permanent, but Riches pass from one to another.

51.

A good Man is always resolv'd, and neither Prosperity or Adversity weaken his Courage.

52.

The Fool in Prosperity can't dissemble his Malice.

53.

Give not Credit to Calumny so far as to destroy a Friend on a small Provocation.

54.

There can be no Friendship, if every Slip of your Friend provoke your Temper.

55.

Dwell not too much on one Thing; the Medium's still the best.

•

56. Never

56.
Never discover your Misfortunes ; for
known Poverty has few Friends.

57.
Speak your Enemy fair, till you have him
in your Pow'r ; then give your Revenge no
Bounds.

58.
Govern your Tongue and Mind, and you'll
always be easy and pleas'd.

59.
Poverty is the Mistress of many bad Les-
sons ; for she teaches a Man, against his Will,
Lies, Deceits, and pernicious Suits.

60.
The World often remits of its Opinion
of the Guilt of an ill Man, when he is in
Poverty.

61.
Respect your Friends, and avoid a pernicious
Oath, fearing the Wrath of the Im-
mortal Pow'rs.

62.
Seem not the Companion of any Great
Man's Vice.

63.
No Precepts will make an Ill Man Good.

64.
He that takes Care of my Manners, and
regards not his own, is a Fool.

65.

We ought to bear all the Dispensations of Heav'n.

66.

Let Virtue be your Aim, and love that which is Just ; nor let any base and ungenerous Gain overcome you.

67.

Wast not thy Time in things, that cannot be effected, nor crack thy Invention about what you want Pow'r to accomplish.

68.

Force is always disagreeable.

69.

Avoid Excess of drinking, for that makes a wise Man a Fool, and produces both Words and Actions, that a Sober Man wou'd be ashamed of.

70.

Fire is the Test of Gold, and Wine discovers the Mind of a Man.

71.

Possession breeds Satiety in every thing.

72.

'Tis a matter of no difficulty to defame your Neighbour.

73.

'Tis a hard matter for a wise Man to put in a Word, in the Company of Fools ; and yet it is impossible not to interrupt them.

L

74. Mortal

74.

Mortal Men must not contend with Heaven.

75.

To be Rich only, is to be virtuous with most Men. The Justice of *Radomathus*, and the Knowledge of *Syphis*, the Eloquence of *Nestor*, the Swiftnes of the *Harpies*, or the Sons of *Boreas*, are nothing without Money.

76.

He that has enough to suffice the Needs and Conveniency of Nature, is as rich as he that abounds in Gold and Possessions; for Death, old Age, or Diseases, will take no Bribe.

77.

No Man is free from Faults; and he is the best Man that has the fewest.

78.

No Man ever was, or e're or will be, that can or will please all Men. For *Jupiter* himself, that Governs both Men, and the immortal Powers, cannot do it.

79.

I must suffer whatever my Fate has ordain'd me, nor do I fear to suffer what my Fate ordains me to suffer.

8c. Those

80.

Those that die without Riches, have few
Mourners.

81.

Wisdom is better than Pow'r.

82.

Poverty is the Corrupter of the Mind.

83.

Quit not thy old Friends for new.

84.

'Tis difficult to deceive an Enemy, but easy to impose on a Friend.

85.

There is nothing more unjust, than Anger, which, while it gratifies a distemper'd Mind, injures ev'n the Person it possesses.

86.

There's nothing more pleasing than a good Woman.

87.

Much Danger arrives from the Tongue.

From Phocylides.

1.
COMMIT not Adultery , nor unlawful
Lusts.

2.
Forge no Deceits, nor pollute thy self
with Blood.

3.
Grow not Rich by Injustice, but live on
thy lawful Gain.

4.
Be content with what thou hast, and ab-
stain from what is another's.

5.
Lie not, but speak Truth.

6.
First Worship God, next Honour thy Pa-
rents.

7.
Do Justice to all, nor let Favor wrest thy
Judgment.

8.
Reject not the Poor, nor judge any Man
unjustly.

9. For

9.
For if thou judgest unjustly, God will
judge thee hereafter.

10.
Avoid bearing False-Witness, and say that
which is just.

11.
Preserve thy Virginity, and thy Faith in
all things.

12.
Give just Weight and Measures.

13.
Be not forsworn either wilfully or igno-
rantly.

14.
The Immortal God hates Perjury, without
Respect of Persons.

15.
Steal not the Seeds, for whoever does it is
execrable.

16.
Give the Workman his Wages, and afflict
not the Poor.

17.
Let your Mind agree with your Tongue,
and conceal a Secret.

18.
Do no Injury thy self, nor suffer any o-
ther to do unjustly.

19.
Give to a Beggar immediately, nor put him
off till to morrow.

20.

Give with a full Hand to the Poor.

21.

Receive the Exile, and lead the Blind.

22.

Have Pity on the Shipwreck'd, for Navigation is uncertain.

23.

Lift up him that is fall'n, and preserve the Man that is forsaken.

24.

The Chance of all Men is common, Life's a Bowl, and Happiness instable.

25.

If you are Rich, then give to the Poor.

26.

Of what God has bestow'd on you give to those that want.

27.

Wear a Sword for thy Defence, but to injure no Man.

28.

But I wish thou wer't not to use it justly or unjustly ; for if you kill an Enemy, you are not free from Pollution.

29.

Trespass not on thy Neighbour's Ground, nor trample it down.

30.

The Mean is the best in all things, but the Extreams are vitious.

21. Hurt

31.

Hurt not the growing Fruits of the Field.

32.

Respect a Stranger, as much as a Citizen ;
for no Man is secure that he shall not experience Want in a strange Country.

33.

Avarice is the Mother of all Evil.

34.

Gold and Silver are the Universal Deceivers of Mankind.

35.

O Gold! the Leader of Evils, the Bane of Life, and Destruction of all things.

36.

Oh! that Mankind did not think thee Desirable, tho' an Evil.

37.

For 'tis for thee that there are so many Battles, Rapines, and Slaughters.

38.

For thee Children and Parents are Foes, and Brothers and Relations Enemies.

39.

Be not of one Opinion in thy Words, of another in thy Mind ; nor, like the Camelion, change thy Colour with every Plant.

40.

He that voluntarily does an ill thing is an ill Man ; but I will not say absolutely, that he whom Necessity compels to it is an ill

L 4

Man,

Man ; but we ought to examine the Intention of a Man in his Actions.

^{41.}
Be not puff'd up either by thy Wisdom or Riches.

^{42.}
God alone is wise, powerful, and completely rich.

^{43.}
Afflict not thy self with past Misfortunes; for what is once done can never be recall'd.

^{44.}
Restrain thy Hand ; for a Man that is apt to strike, oftentimes against his Will does Mischief.

^{45.}
Let your Passions be equal, without Magnificence or Pride.

^{46.}
Too much Wealth heats a Man, and prompts him to Contumelies.

^{47.}
Anger's a sort of Desire.

^{48.}
Boldness is destructive to Ill, but is a Help to good Actions.

^{49.}
The Love of Virtue is good, but Lust encreaseth Disgrace.

51.
A prudent Man is the Delight of his City.

52.
Eat, Drink, and speak moderately.

53.
Envy not the Good of thy Allies, lest thou be reprehended. The Gods live without Envy of each other; the Moon envies not the more excellent Rays of the Sun; nor does the Earth, the lowest of Planets, envy the heighth of the Heavens; nor do the Rivers envy the Seas, but all move in a perpetual Concord; for were there Discord among the Gods, Heav'n cou'd not subsist.

54.
Use thy self to Temperance; and abstain from Obscene Acts.

55.
Be not fond of Malice, but repell an Injury by Law.

56.
Perswasion begets Advantage, but one Law-suit another.

57.
Be not too credulous, but first have a full View of the End.

58.
Oppress not the Poor, with exorbitant Exactions.

59. Suffer

59.

. Suffer not the unskilful to sit in Judgment.

60.

A wise Man loves Wisdom, and an Artist the Art he understands.

61.

An ignorant Hearer is seldom much edify'd, for they never understand any thing, who never have learn'd any thing, that is good.

62.

Never make Parasites and Table-hunters thy Companions ; for there are abundance that are Friends to your Meat, and Drink, watching Opportunities to fill themselves ; all are disgusted with a moderate Entertainment, and yet incapable of being satisfy'd with Abundance.

63.

Confide not in the Vulgar ; the Vulgar is always changeable.

64.

The Vulgar, Water and Fire, are absolutely unmanageable.

65.

Let your Sacrifice to the Gods be moderate ; for the Mean is the best in all things.

66. Bury

66.

Bury the Dead; nor open the Graves of the Dead, and expose that Sight to the Sun, which is not to be seen, and so provoke the Divine Anger.

67.

'Tis dishonest to mangle and break in Pieces the humane Body; for soon we hope that the Reliques of the Dead will arise, but afterwards they will be Gods: for the Souls remain incorrupt in the Dead; for the Spirit is the Image of God. But the Body we receive from the Earth; and we all returning to her again are Dust; but Heav'n receives the Spirit.

68.

Spare not thy Wealth, remembering that you are mortal.

69.

You can enjoy no Riches in the Grave, nor can you carry any Money with you.

70.

All are equal in Death; but God rules over the Souls: And the Beggar and the King arrive at one Place.

71.

Man lives but a little time, and has his fated Hour; but the Soul is immortal, exempt from old Age, and lives for ever.

72. Be

72.

Be not dejected by Adversity, nor exalted with good Fortune; for often the most certain things in Life are not to be depended on.

73.

Comply with the Time, and fight not with the Winds.

74.

Reason is the Weapon of Man, and sharper than Steel.

75.

God has given Arms to every Creature, Wings to the Birds, Strength to Lions, Horns to Bulls, Stings to the Bees, but Reason is the Defence of Man.

76.

Wisdom in Man is more excellent than Strength.

77.

Wisdom governs Fields, Cities, and Navies.

78.

'Tis a Wickedness to shelter a wicked Man from Punishment; but there is a necessary Duty that obliges us to avoid the Guilty.

79.

They often die with the wicked, who spend their Lives with them.

80. Re-

80.

Receive not stol'n Goods; for he that receives them is as guilty of Robbery, as the Thief that stole them.

81.

Give every Man his own. Equality is the happiest Fate.

82.

If your Enemies Cattle are fal'n in the Way, lift them up.

83.

'Tis good to make Friends of your Enemies.

84.

Prepare no Poisons, and abstain from magic Books.

85.

Snatch not too violently the Hand of a young Child.

86.

Avoid both Sedition and Strife in War time.

87.

Bestow no Benefit or Favour on an ill Man, 'tis thrown away.

88.

Endeavour to Live on Part of thy own Labour.

89. There

89.

There is Room enough for all Men to live, if they'll be industrious.

90.

Labour encreases Virtue.

91.

Live not a single Life, lest you die obscurely ; allow something to Nature, and as thou wer't begot thy self, so do thou beget others.

92.

Prostitute not thy Wife, 'twill bring Infamy on thy Children ; for the Adulterous Bed brings degenerate Children.

93.

Approach not the Bed of thy Mother-in-Law, but respect her as a Mother, who has succeeded thy Mother in her Station.

94.

Lye not with thy Sister, nor thy Father's Concubine.

95.

Let no Woman destroy the Fruit of her Womb.

96.

Let no Man strike his Wife that is with Child.

97.

Make no Eunuchs.

98.

Copulate with no Beast.

99. Know

99.

Know no Bed but thy Wife's.

100.

Avoid all unnatural Lusts.

101.

Unman not thy self entirely in the Embraces of Woman ; for Love is no God, but the most pernicious of all the Passions.

102.

Lye not with thy Brother's Wife.

103.

Love thy Wife ; for what can be more pleasing and excellent, than for a Wife to love her Husband, or a Husband his Wife to Old Age, without any Strife or Contention.

104.

Force not any Virgin without Marriage.

105.

Marry not an ill Woman, nor be a Slave to a Wife on account of her Portion. We endeavour to get Horses of a good Breed, and Dogs ; but, like Fools, none of us are over-sollicitous to find out a good Wife, &c.

106.

Marry not too often, for that is to add Calamity to Calamity.

107.

Be not morose and reserv'd to your Children, but free and pleasing.

108.

Curl not the Boys Hair, for those Beauties are fit only for Women.

109. The

109.

The Childrens Beanties is hard to be preserv'd by their Parents.

110.

Love your Relations, and be at Peace with them. Respect Old Age, and Honour a wise Old Man, as if he were thy Father.

111.

Take Advice of a Slave, if he have Wisdom.

112.

The Chastity of the Mind, is the Purgation of the Body.

These are the *Arcana* of Justice, which whoever observes shall live happy to Old Age.

From Pythagoras his Golden Verses.

LET your first Duty be, to adore the immortal Gods, according to the Laws of your Countrey, and have a nice regard to your Oath.

Next, Worship the Heroes, and infernal Deities, giving them their proper Sacrifices.

Honour thy Parents and nearest Relations; and gain by thy Virtue the Friendship of all those that have Merit. Yeild to friendly Admonitions and useful Works.

Hate

Hate not thy Friend for a small Fault.

These you shall thus observe: But endeavour to lift your self above these Rules. Subdue Sloath, Lust, and Anger.

Do not an ill thing, neither in Company, nor alone; but of all respect thy Self first. *That is, first pay that Duty that is due to thy Self, to thy Honour and Conscience; nor let any foreign regard make thee deviate from this Path.*

Next, be just both in Word and Deed; nor suffer thy self to get a Habit of acting imprudently in any thing, but remember that all Men are fated to die.

Let not the Deeds or Words of any Man impose on you so far, as to make thee either do or say any thing that is prejudicial to thee.

Consider, before you do any thing, that you commit not a Folly; for 'tis the Part of a Fool either to do or say any thing without Reflection.

Meddle only with what will give thee no Pain when 'tis past.

Attempt nothing, which thou dost not understand, but learn all those things that are necessary, and thus shalt thou live the most pleasing Life in the World.

You ought not to neglect the Health of the Body, but observe a Medium in thy Food,

M

thy

thy Drink, and thy Exercifes; that I call a Medium, which does not bring forth Pain.

Use thy ſelf to a pure, not delicate Food. Nor do thou any thing that may provoke Envy.

Be Liberal, but not profuſe; the Mean is beſt in all things.

Deliberate before you act; nor do any thing that may be prejudicial to thee.

Go not to ſleep till thou haſt thrice run over thy Actions of the paſt Day, examining thy ſelf, Where have I been? What have I done? Have I omitted any thing that is Good? And ſo beginning from the firſt, weigh all, and correct thy ſelf for thy Ill Deeds, and rejoice in thy Good.

This ought to be your Task, this your Meditation and Study, and this you ought to love, for this will bring thee to Paths of Divine Virtue,

From

From the Elegies of Solon the Athenian Legislator.

O Ye Pierian Muses, the illustrious Daughters of *Olympian Jove*, and Memory, hear my Pray'r. Convey Happiness to me from the immortal Gods, and that I may have a Just Glory in the Face of all Men; that I may be pleasing to my Friends, and painful to my Enemies; venerable to those, and terrible to these.

I own my Desire of Money, but I will not become Master of it unjustly; for Vengeance will certainly overtake me.

Those Riches that the Gods freely bestow, are lasting; but those which Men pursue thro' Injustice, as they are got together by unjust Arts and Labour, so Miseries and Inquietudes soon mingle with them, and these arise from small Beginnings, like Fire; for Calamity in its Birth is little, but in the End swells to an enormous Weight; for the unjust Actions of Men are of a short Duration: But *Jupiter* inspects the Ends of all Men, and comes like a Storm that

burns down all before it. Such is the Anger of *Jove* ; but he is not like Man, Angry for every Trifle.

But he that is not punish'd immediately, will not always escape the Hand of *Jove* with his prosperous Wickedness, but he will certainly be convicted at last. One finds an immediate Punishment, another is punish'd after a long Forbearance ; and tho some escape during their Lives, their guiltless Children undergo the Punishment of the Misdeeds of the Authors of their Being. On which the weakness of humane Reason falsely Concludes, That 'tis of no Importance to be good, since the Good and Bad fare alike ; and this Opinion every one is too apt to entertain, till he meets with some Suffrings, which make him repent ; but till then he is supinely born away with every Shadow of Hope. All things are govern'd by Providence ; for when the wisest Men have with all the Precaution imaginable undertaken a thing, the Event shall prove pernicious : Another, whose Methods and Designs are weak and foolish, God shall give Success to in all things ; an Immunity, as I may say, from his Ignorance.

Our Country's Liberty is often lost by Great Men, and the People by their Insolence of-
ten

ten throw themselves into the Slavery of a Tyrant.

No Man is happy, but all are Evil.

Abundance begets Oppression, and Injuries.

The Will of the Gods is obscure to all Men.

From Simonides.

THere is no mortal thing, that is always the same, the Generation of Men is like the Generation of the Leaves of the Trees, this few Men reflect on, for every Man is amus'd with some Boyish Hope: for in Youth Men entertain a thousand vain Thoughts and Imaginations; they reflect not, that old Age, or Death will approach them; nor while they are in Health are they free from Fatigue. What Fools are they, that do thus, and know not how short a Date is fixt to Youth, and ev'n to mortal Life. But thou, my Friend, remember these things; and gratifie thy mind in those Enjoyments, that are good to the End of thy Days.

A Man can possess nothing better than a good Wife, nor worse than an Ill One.

On Humane Life.

J*upiter*, O my Son, that thunders aloft in the Sky, has the Pow'r over the End of all things, that are made, and disposes of them as he pleases. Nor is the Mind in the Pow'r of frail Men, but we all live to a Day, according as God has foredoom'd; tho' every one is intent on the gay Work, he has undertaken, with a vain and rash Design. Some expect the coming Day, others the revolving Year; and scarce any Man but promises himself another Year of Life to come, pleasing, and replenish'd with Riches and Happiness, that the past has not afforded. But wretched old Ages first seizes those, and these are destroy'd with grievous Distempers. War kills some, while others perish in the stormy Ocean; some madly fly the Glaring Light of the Sun by a voluntary Death. Thus no sort of Evil is Humane Life free from, but the bad Chances of Men are infinite, and their Losses and Calamities unspeakable. But if he wou'd but listen to me, Man shou'd not love his own Evils, nor be tormented by a foolish Application of the Mind to Grief and Disquiets.

There is no Man lives without Trouble or Fault.

Death

Death overtakes the Conqueror; and he that has escap'd the Battle cannot evade him.

No wise Man wou'd think of a Man, that is Dead above a Day.

From Linus.

ALL things are to be hop'd; for God can do all things, and to him nothing is impossible.

From Callimachus.

ALL the Expence I have been at in the Ornaments and Satisfaction of the Body is lost, and they have all ingratelously forsaken me: But the Learning I have laid up still remains with me. Riches without Virtue cannot prefer a Man; nor Virtue without Riches.

From several of the Greek Poets.

A Good Man is never an Enemy to a good Man.

The Events of Good Counsels are good.
Time is the Discoverer of a Man's Manners and Inclinations.

Neither learn nor do an ill thing.

He can never be thought a wise Man that errs twice in the same thing.

Have not thy Hand in Mischief.

He that is ignorant, sins not in being so.

Necessity is the Mother of many Crimes.

Neither hear nor see any thing, that is indecent.

'Tis better to have our Body sick, than our Mind.

Virtue's the best Defence.

Temperance is the Store-house of Virtues.

Take what Care you can of your Mind.

Whoever forgets a Benefit is ungrateful.

Most Men forget Benefits receiv'd.

The Favour's soon grown old when once the Gift's bestow'd.

There is no Treasures so agreeable, as a Favour bestow'd.

Thou, that hast receiv'd a Benefit, watch thy Opportunity to make a timely and welcome Return.

Bestow as many Favours, as your Pow'r will permit you.

Forget the Favours you do, but remember those you receive.

A King is the living Image of God.

Every Man condemns his own manner of living.

A Life, without the Benefit of Fortune, is no Life.

The Earth brings forth all things, and to the Earth all things return.

A Fools Labour differs not from Idleness.

Consideration makes our Labours of use.

Ill Counsel is the Mother of many Disappointments.

A single Life is free from Disquiets.

He that's about to Marry, makes hast to Repentance.

Marriage is a desirèable Evil.

E're you marry cast an Eye on your Neighbours.

In Marriage the Womans Manners, not Portion, ought to be regarded.

Believe when you marry, that you're a Slave for Life.

A poor Husband is the most unhappy of Humane Kind.

Love the Company of old Men. An old Man among young is very troublesome.

Gray Hairs is most commonly the mark of Time, more than Prudence.

Honour your Parents above all things.

Honour

Honour thy Parents, and do good to thy Relations.

Believe thou shalt be fortunate, as long as thou knowest thy Parents.

Prudent Parents are great Gods. Look on thy Parents as Gods.

A good Father nourishes not Indignation against his Son.

Woman is Poverty of Life to Man.

Silence is the best Ornament to a Woman.

A good Woman looks after her House.

Honesty is more ornamental to a Woman than Gold.

A just Woman is the Safety of Life.

'Tis no easy matter to find a good Woman.

'Tis safer to bury, than marry a Wife.

Trust not thy Life to a Woman.

In Woman you can find no Faith.

By Woman the whole World is undone.

An Ill Woman is a Store-house of Mischief.

An Ill Woman is the most cruel of Beasts of Prey.

A Wife, without a Dow'r, has no Liberty of talking.

Woman to Man is a pleasing Mischief.

Woman is a domestic Tempest.

A beautiful Woman is always proud.

How frail is the Nature of Woman-kind?

The

The People is violent without a Mind to consider.

The Reward of the Labours of a just Man never fails.

To obtain the Character of a just Man, 'tis not enough that you do not hurt any Man, you must do good.

The End of a Just Life is good.

Be Just, that you may find Justice.

Be rather Just than Useful.

The Man that deals justly will have God for his Assister.

In the Sentence thou pronouncest, regard not Advantage, but Justice.

The Manners of a Just Man are the most valuable Possessions.

Make it thy Endeavour to leave Glory to thy Name when thou dy'st.

Labour more for a good Name, than Riches.

There's nothing more despicable than vain Glory.

There's a Necessity, that some shou'd be happy, some unhappy.

Add not to the Miseries of the Unfortunate.

Misfortunes are born of Pleasure.

Insult not a Man in Misfortunes, for all are subject to Chance.

Never

Never Despair of thy Affairs in the greatest Distress.

No happy Man is a Friend to the unhappy.

Hope is the Safety of the unhappy.

Hope all things till old Age.

Praise not thy self, praise thy Friend rather, than thy self.

A good Man wants no Nobility.

The happy ought not to forget God.

No Man is happy in his own Opinion.

A good Man, that is happy is a common good.

No Man is fortunate in all things.

Many are happy, but they're not wise.

We ought to think a wise Man happy.

Ev'ry Body's a Kin to the fortunate.

Remember thou art mortal, be not therefore wiser, than the Will of God would have you.

Adore God, and all you do shall be by Divine Instinct.

Let Piety be thy Discourse and Lesson.

God hears Just Prayers.

An old Man in Love is the greatest Misfortune.

Hate not always.

Punish thy Enemies, but not to thy detriment.

If thou trust not thy Enemies, thou wilt not suffer.

If you desire to live, deserve not Death.

Life is despicable when unfortunate.

All Men wou'd be great if they cou'd.

Intemperate Pleasure begets Misfortunes :
for all our Disquiets almost derive themselves from Pleasure.

Death is more Eligible than an infamous Life.

A Man ought to live free from Pain, or to die happily.

Make not a Jest of the Dead, since thou must die.

'Tis better not to live, than to live miserably.

God loves him that dies in his Youth.

Death is no Evil; but to die basely is.

He that has God of his side, does all things with Ease.

Our Mind is a God in every one of us.

God is every where and sees all things.

That which nourishes me, I esteem a God.

A talkative Physician, is a second Disease.

Abundance of Physicians is a sure way to Death.

Time is more pow'rful than Laws.

Pray always for Opportunity.

Time's the best Judge of our Lives.

Live

Live not by unlawful Gain.

Every one wou'd be rich if he cou'd.

Propose not Gain to thy self in all thou doest.

Avoid dishonest Inclinations, and dishonest Gain.

Dishonest Gain is Loss.

Base Gain brings certain Calamity.

Punish no Man without a Tryal.

God brings the wicked to Punishment.

Mortal Man cannot escape Divine Punishment.

The Eye of Justice surveys all things.

Hope not to be always conceal'd, if thou art wicked.

The Eye of God is sharp to see all things.

Quit not a Certainty for an Uncertainty.

Either never do a thing that requires Secrecie, or else do it alone, and without Witness.

Suspicion is a very great Evil.

Hunger is the Mistress of many Events.

There's a great deal of difference betwixt speaking a great deal, and speaking to the purpose.

Avoid all that may molest the Tranquility of Life.

Grief and Life are a sort of Relations.

'Tis very difficult for a Man to live without Sorrow.

Grief

Grief is often the Mother of Diseases.

The Happy know no Grief.

A great deal of Wine produces but a little Wisdom.

Have a regard to what's to come.

There is no safe and certain Deliberation on what is to come.

Let what is to befall me be agreeable rather to my Happiness, than Will.

Always remember that thou art a Man.

You shou'd endeavor to please all Men, as well as your self.

To know thy self is always advantageous

In thy Youth expect Old Age.

Give thy Youth to the Study of things that may be useful.

Silence, not Talk, is proper for Youth; for they shou'd listen to the Discourse of Men in Years.

'Tis honourable to observe the Laws of your Country.

Law is feeble, when Force takes place.

An ill Advocate subverts the Laws.

Neglect not a poor Acquaintance, when you see him.

Succour Strangers, and the Favour may once be return'd.

Be a faithful Friend to Strangers.

Never affront thy Guest, tho' there shou'd be occasion.

Modesty

Modesty is the best Companion for a Stranger.

Travel refines the Life.

Mind not the Oaths of the Dishonest.

Believe not that thou canst hide thy Perjuries from God.

Avoid Swearing, tho thy Oath be just.

Curb thy Anger. Be slow, not prone to Anger.

Happiness is not purchas'd without Labour.

Anger produces abundance of Evils.

Anger is an unsafe Counsellor.

Bear with the Anger of a Friend.

Learning's a Possession that no Force can take from thee.

Learn thou by other Men's Evils, not thy own.

A prudent Man carries his Riches about him.

Conversation with the Learned will make thee Learned.

'Tis Prudence to learn what thou art ignorant of.

He that is Learned covers his own Frailties.

Learning without Judgment is a meer Trifle.

We all think our selves able to give Counsel to others, yet know not our own Errors.

Poverty

Poverty makes many a Man ingrateful.
Honest Poverty is better, than guilty
Wealth.

A wise Man alone can bear Poverty.

Poverty levels the Nobleman with the
People.

There is no Burden so insupportable as
Poverty.

A poor Mans Reasons have no Weight.

Trust not to every Man.

Shun Avarice, and observe a Mediocrity.

Avarice is the most pernicious of humane
Evils.

Remember when thou art Rich, that thou
help the Poor.

He that has Money, ne're wants Friends.

Make not too much Speed to be Rich,
lest Poverty soon overtake thee.

Make not thy Riches thy Security in In-
justice.

Sloath and Negligence will make a Rich
Man poor.

No just Man was ever Rich on a suddain.

Gold lays all things open, nay, ev'n the
Gates of Hell.

Look not with a curious Eye on thy
Neighbours Misfortune.

A Multiplicity of Business brings forth a-
bundance of Cares.

A Dishonest Man is unhappy in the midst of his Happiness.

Shun with Care the Conversation of the Dishonest.

Dishonesty is a thing without Reason.

A wicked Man has no Compassion.

Avoid a Knave, as long as you live.

No Man will own himself Dishonest, tho' he is so.

The Manners of a wicked Man, wrests Nature from it true Bent.

The Prosperity of the Wicked is the Foil of Providence.

A Conversation with the Wicked will render you Wicked.

The Rewards of the Wicked bring no Advantage.

A wicked Man is punish'd both in this Life, and after Death.

Never make a Friendship with him, that is Dishonest.

Evil Conversation corrupts good Manners.

If you take not Care of things of less Moment, you will lose things of greater Consideration.

Set every where a Guard on thy Tongue.

Damage is always the Child of a foolish Tongue.

Many have ow'd their Ruin to their Tongue.

Be

Be either silent, or speak something, that is better than Silence.

A great many things are to be answer'd with Silence.

The Tongue's the Mother of abundance of Mischief.

Conscience is a God to all Men.

All Men are pleas'd with the Honours, that are offer'd them.

Rashness is the Author of many Errors.

Let not Man ever forget the Mutability of Fortune.

There is nothing constant in Humane Life.

Fortune favours the Wise.

Choose rather to be unhappy, than a Calamniator.

The Sword wounds the Body, and malicious Words the Mind.

While you conceal your Injury, you have receiv'd none.

Health is the greatest Blessing of Humane Life.

Health of Body, and Vigour of Mind are the two sovereign Blessings of Life.

No Man can escape the Punishment of Pride.

In Prosperity especially avoid Pride.

A brave Man ought to bear ill Fortune calmly.

Vanquish your Calamity by Reason.

We with more Ease advise in other Mens Misfortunes than bear our own.

Let not the Poor envy the Rich.

'Tis base to injure, or affront a Friend with Design.

The unfortunate have no Friends.

Money is our best Friend in Misfortunes.

When thy Friend is in Misfortunes, then fail not to assist him.

You should look on a true Friend as on a God.

Always think thy Friends Suffrings thy own.

Time will try a Friend, as the Fire does Gold.

A happy Friend is a Sight most agreeable.

Hate him, that hates thee, but love thy Friend with vehemence.

If thou lovest thy self too well, thou wilt have no Friend.

Fly not thy Friend in Adversity.

He that has found a generous Friend, has found a Treasure.

Never strive to be Judge, or Arbitrator betwixt two Friends.

There is no Man but loves himself.

Let not Anger betray thee to a Discovery of thy Friends Secrets.

Let not Anger make thee forsake thy Friend in Adversity.

He

He, that Labours with his Friend labours
for himself.

All, that is great is obtain'd with much
Pain.

He that wou'd be happy must take Pains.

Industry will furnish an honest Prosperity.

How many Evils Mankind owe to Sloath.

A Man that is wise in others Mens Affairs,
and a Fool in his own, is very contemptible.

Men are not Judges of thy Understand-
ing, but Actions.

Nature, that was the *Cause*, is the *End* of
all things.

'Tis a difficult Task to alter a perverse Na-
ture.

Time is the Midwife of Truth.

Time is the best Counsellor.

Time is the Proof of an Honest Man.

Return what is lent thee, and thou shalt
be trusted again.

A Man of Sense hates a Lie.

Calumny often fixes Spots on Innocence.

Exercise thy Mind in Good Works.

Several Sentences taken out of the Ancient Greek Comic Poets.

Out of Philemon.

1.
A Good Wife is subservient to her Husband's Will ; for a Wife that will be superior to her Husband, is an intollerable Evil.

2.
 He is not worthy the Name of an Honest and Just Man, who barely does no Injury ; but he that has it in his Power to do ill, and does not. Nor he that will not be guilty of a small Injustice, but he, that when he has it in his Power to get with Impunity a great deal unjustly, governs his Mind so as to abstain from the Evil.

3.
 Believe me, *Pamphilus*, he that thinks to please the Deity with magnificent Offerings, is vain, and weakly errs : For he ought not only to be free from Adultery, Rapes of Virgins, the Lust of unlawful Gain, which is often the Counsellor of Murders ; but he ought also not so much as to covet his Neighbour's Wife, or his Goods, or his Man-

Man-servant or his Maid-servant, his Horses, or Cows, or Cattle, or any other thing, that is his. Nay, he ought not to covet so much as a Button, that is another Man's. For God that ever stands close by thee, and is a Lover of just, not unjust Deeds, beholds thee, who forbids not thy honest Industry to live. Cherish Equity and Justice, that's the most grateful Victim, you can offer to God, more respected by him, than all the rich Offerings thou canst bring to his Altars. If thou art not conscious to thy self of Wickedness, the Bolts of angry Heav'n ne're will fright thee.

4.

Fortune, that we make a God, is no where; but to the Accidents of Humane Life Men give the Name of Fortune.

5.

Examin well, and you will find no Physician wou'd have his Acquaintance in Health, nor is there any Soldier, that loves his Country shou'd be at Peace.

6.

There is nothing but you may arrive to, if you can but undergo the Fatigue of your Travel to it.

7.

To have a Misfortune is an Evil of less Pain, than to be oblig'd to give every one an Account of the Particulars of our Condition.

8.

Physicians never follow their own Prescriptions.

9.

How sick is the Physician, that has no Patient !

10.

He that says nothing to the purpose, if he speaks but two Syllable's, is to be look'd on as a Talkative Fellow. On the contrary, a Man that keeps you long in Discourse, and says all to the purpose, you must not think loquacious.

From Alexis, Amphis, Anaxandrides, Antiphanes, Apollodorus, and Diphilus.

1.

There is no Castle, no Fort so difficult to be kept, as Woman.

2.

A Man naturally avoids the Place where he has met a Misfortune.

3.

He that will not believe an Oath, is one that easily breaks one himself.

4. A

4.

A Man that Discovers a Secret, is either Dishonest or Talkative. If for the hope of Gain, he's unjust; if without it, he's a Tatler: But he is equally dishonest, which ever is the Cause.

5.

We may conceal all things but Love and Drunkenness, for the Eyes and Tongue betray them beyond Contradiction.

6.

Grieve not too much for thy dead Relations, for they are gone but before to that Inn where we must all take up our Lodgings together in a little Time.

7.

Prosperity is the Test of a Man's Inclinations; for he that will do a base thing in the midst of Plenty, what would he not commit in Poverty?

8.

He is the Pensioner of Death that lives by Death.

9.

To what end do Men desire such enormous Heaps of Wealth, if not to assist their Friends, that want, and to plant the Fruit of Favour or Gratitude. For the Pleasures of eating and drinking are common; nor can the season'd and elegant Dishes of the Great satisfy Hunger better, than the plain Food of the rest of Mankind.

10. Our

10.

Our Doors are fasten'd with Bars, Locks and Bolts ; yet no Carpenter yet so secur'd a House but an Adulterer, and a Cat wou'd get in.

11.

No Man ought to despair in Misfortunes, but always to hope that better Days will come.

12.

Poverty is the happiest Fate, for that is under no Fears of a worse Fortune.

From Menander.

1.

TIS best to speak Truth at all times, for that is of the greatest Force for the Security of this Life.

2.

We take Care to lay in Provision for Four Days Voyage, and yet neglect those Stores, which we shou'd lay up for Old Age.

3.

All Animals are happy, and much wiser, than Man. And first, look here on this Ass, 'tis true, his Fortune is very hard, yet he seeks out no ill Fortune for himself, but
bears

bears that with Patience that Nature has thrown him into; but we, not content with those Evils, that Necessity imposes on us, voluntarily seek out, and solicit abundance of Misfortunes we might avoid. If any one happen to Sneeze, Superstition gives us Pain: On a Word out of Joint, we are tortur'd with Anger. We are frightened at our very Dreams, and tremble at nocturnal Voices. Our Laws, Decrees, Contentions, Suits, and all these things are Evils, that we have industriously added to those which come by Nature to us.

4.

He that is apt to listen to Calumny, is either a Man of ill Principles, or of a very Childish Understanding.

5.

The Stone you have thrown, and the Word you have spoke, are equally in your Pow'r.

6.

He is to be look'd on the most Excellent, that can bear the most Injuries.

7.

There is nothing more pernicious, than the Desire of another Man's Goods; for those, who endeavour to obtain that, which is another's, are often deceiv'd in their Expectations, make an Addition to their Possessions, by his own.

2. These

8.

These three Motives we have for Action, Necessity, Law, and Custom.

9.

Immoderate Wealth breeds Arrogance, and often corrupts the Manners from their primitive Goodness.

10.

He, that Condemns without hearing the Cause distinctly, is dishonest by a guilty Credulity.

11.

Necessity has perverted many an honest Man into a Knave.

From Eubulus and Timocles.

TO Men of Prudence I fill but three Glasses; one for Health, the second for Love and Pleasure, the third for Sleep; and a wise Man, after the third Glass will retire home. For the fourth Glass is not mine, but of Intemperance, the fifth is of Noise, the sixth is of Madness, and brings forth Quarrels and Frays.

Observe me well, and judge if what I say be to the Purpose: Man is by Nature subject to various Evils, and Life brings with it
many

many Cares, and Disquiets ; yet here is this Ease to his Misfortunes, that when a Man turns his Eye to the Sufferings of others, he will forget the Heaviness of his own. First consider how great Advantages the Tragic Poets give, when in Poverty we behold the wretched Penury of *Telephus*, we bear our own with the greater Ease. The Madness of *Hercules* will moderate the Infirmities our own Senses may be subject to. Let him that is blind consider *OEdipus* ; and he that has lost his Children, may draw Comfort from the Fate of *Niobe*. He, that is Lame, may look on *Philoctetes* ; and he that bends beneath the weight of a wretched old Age, shou'd turn his Eyes to *OEneus* : For whoever sees another in greater Distress than himself, begins to think his Miseries more light, than they were before.

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